

MAY

35 CENTS

# CHILD LIFE

*The Children's Own Magazine*



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY  
*Publishers*

The Wise One of These Three  
Did Not Come to the Circus



Full-page black and white drawing from *Circus Animals*

# CIRCUS ANIMALS

HOW THE ANIMALS CAME TO THE CIRCUS

(A Supplementary Reader)

Stories by ELIZABETH GALE

Pictures by WARNER CARR and DONN P. CRANE

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536 S. Clark Street

Chicago, Illinois

Write Education Department for Winners List of 125 Supplementary Readers



*If they are pale, listless, thin,  
don't deceive yourself with the  
thought "They're just growing"—*

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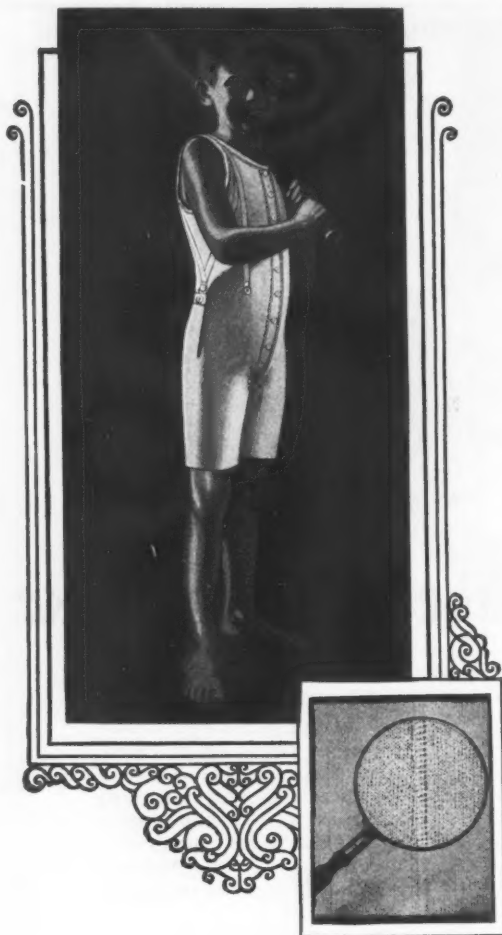


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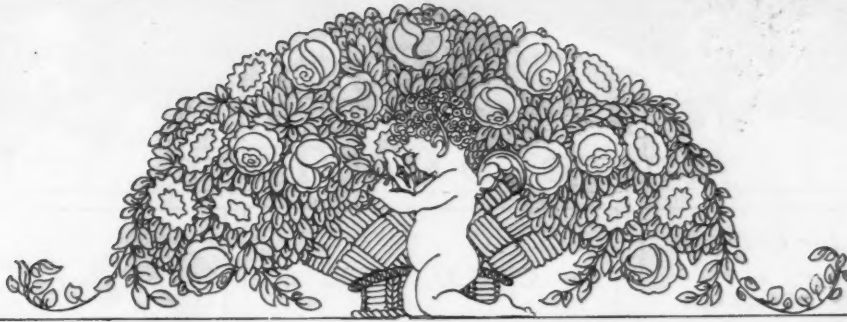
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# CHILD LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Volume IV

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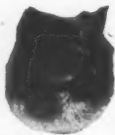


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## CHILD LIFE Dog Stories

### BUDDY

I HAVE a little dog named Buddy

He plays outside and gets all muddy.

I teach him to bring in the mail,

And when he comes he wags his tail.

He eats the blackberries off the vine,

And pulls the clothes down from the line.

At night he sleeps upon the bed

And puts his paw upon my head.

VIRGINIA JACKSON  
Age 10 years.

### LADDIE BOY

I HAVE a great big Collie dog.

His name is Laddie Boy;

He is so very gentle

He's almost like a toy.

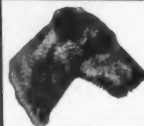
My brother takes him for a walk

'Most every single day.

He never hurts a cat or child,

For he always wants to play.

HELENA DABROWSKI  
Age 10 years



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The Dog Department of CHILD LIFE has helped many of its little readers in the selection of these lovable pets and is able to give you good, reliable advice about them.

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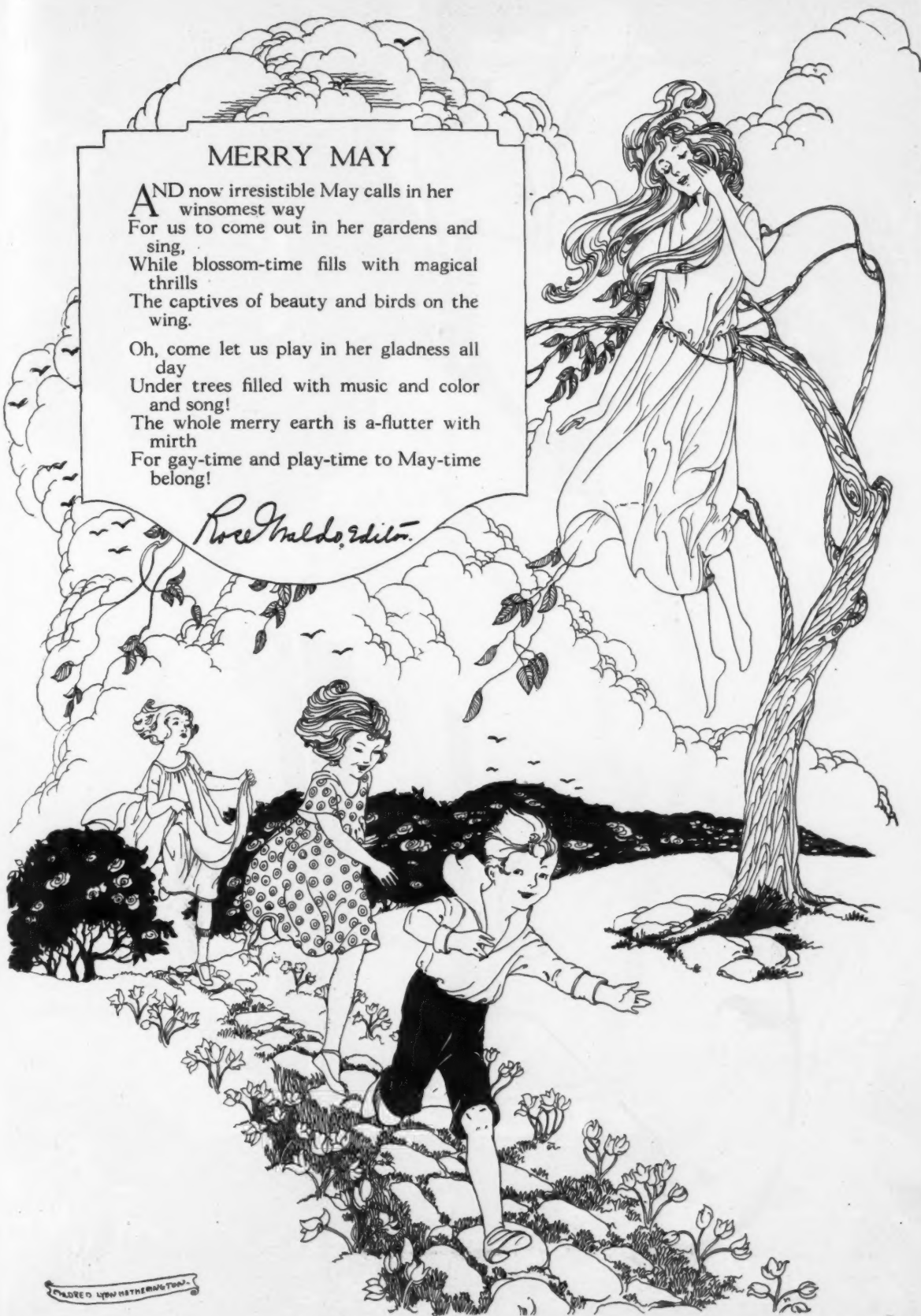
CHILD LIFE, DOG DEPARTMENT  
536 South Clark Street - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

## MERRY MAY

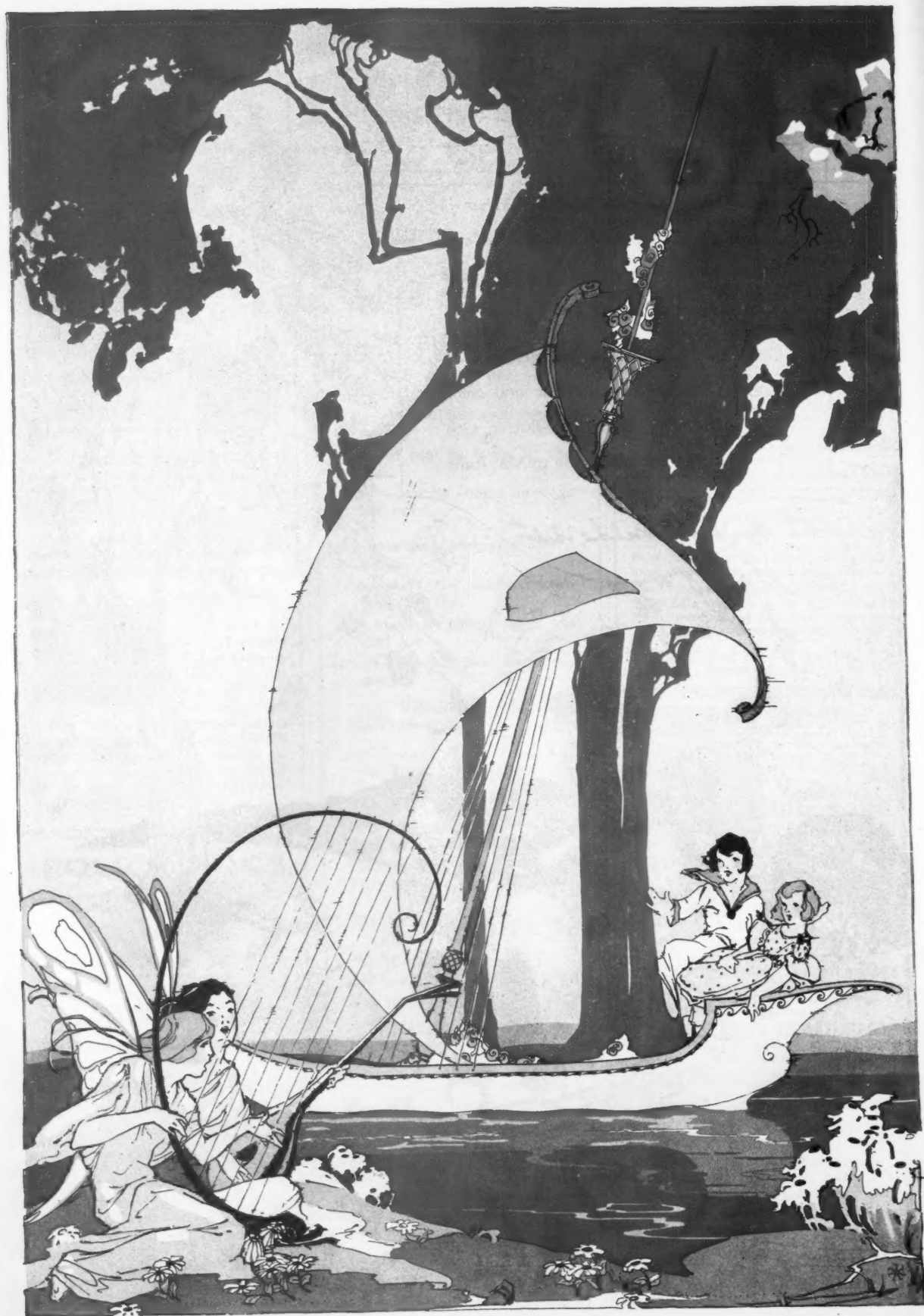
AND now irresistible May calls in her  
winsomest way  
For us to come out in her gardens and  
sing,  
While blossom-time fills with magical  
thrills  
The captives of beauty and birds on the  
wing.

Oh, come let us play in her gladness all  
day  
Under trees filled with music and color  
and song!  
The whole merry earth is a-flutter with  
mirth  
For gay-time and play-time to May-time  
belong!

*Rose Waldo, editor.*







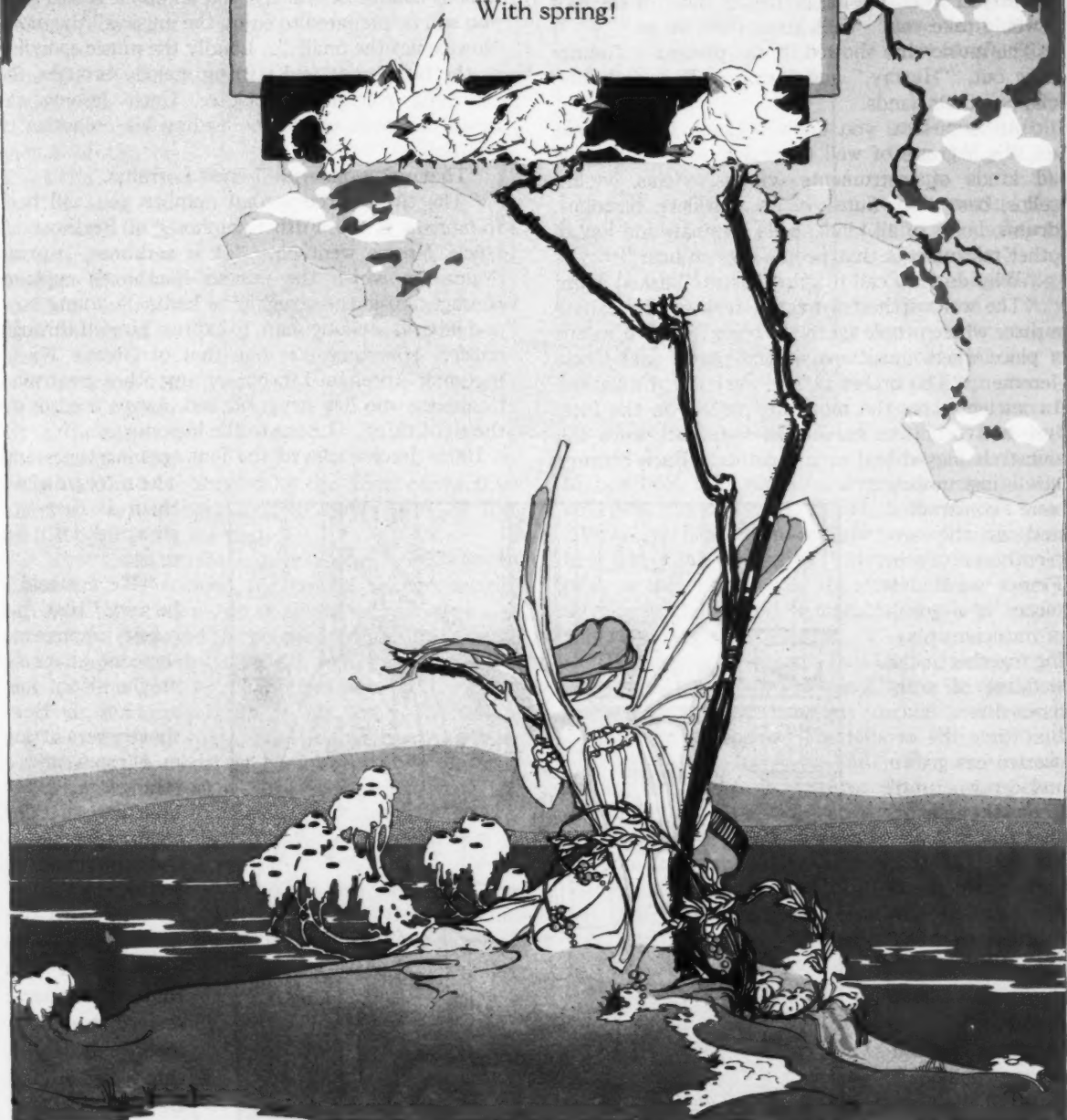


## MAY MORNING

MARJORIE BARROWS

THE cherry tree's shedding  
Its blossoms of May;  
Does a fairyland wedding  
Take place to-day?

Bird babies are coming  
And learning to sing,  
And the garden's all humming  
With spring!



# HOW THE ORCHESTRA BECAME REAL

**T**HE music club was thrilled! Uncle Jerome had sent word

that they must hurry over to the studio after school to hear of the real surprise that was in store for them.

When they arrived Uncle Jerome was smiling.

"What is it? Tell me. I can't wait." It was Tommy's voice.

Yes, I shall tell you, but first look at this picture." And he held before them a picture of the symphony orchestra seated on the stage of the great concert hall. "Do you remember my promise, children? I told you when the big orchestra came to the city I would take you. Well, to-morrow we go."

The music club showed it was pleased. Tommy sang out, "Hurray," and Lorraine, Bess and John clapped their hands.

"An orchestra, you know," Uncle Jerome went on, "is a group of well trained musicians, playing all kinds of instruments—violins, violas, violin-cellos, bass viols, flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, drums, horns of all kinds, bells, cymbals and lots of other instruments that people love to hear."

"Why do they call it an orchestra?" asked John.

"The word orchestra was a Greek word meaning a place where people sat in the open. Now it means a place where musicians sit and play," said Uncle Jerome. "The orchestra is a very old institution. In ancient days the minstrels played on the lute, lyre and primitive harp. On festal occasions the minstrels played and sang together. Each century new instruments were constructed and in the sixteenth century in France we find a record of a group of musicians playing together at the wedding of a famous duke. Since that time the orchestra has grown and grown until to-day the great orchestras of America are the finest in the world! And now shall I tell you something about the music they are to play to-morrow?"

Seating himself at the piano he gathered the little group around him.

By **GEORGE H. GARTLAN**

*Director of Public School Music of New York City*

"The first number is the overture to 'Oberon,' the fairy opera. The opening scene

is in Fairyland, and the fairies are dancing around Oberon, the elf king. The introduction is just to get things ready." He sounded a few measures of music played in the orchestra by the French horn. "This is the horn of Oberon. Then the clarinets play delightful music representing the fairies tiptoeing around the sleeping king. Soon follows charming music of Fairyland and a theme from the big song of the opera, 'Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster.' To-morrow the famous conductor will tell you all about it and then you will be prepared to enjoy the music all the more. Now comes the finale." Loudly the music sounded, as the big chords and stirring melody brought the charming overture to a close. Uncle Jerome was again the great conductor leading his orchestra to triumph.

"That was wonderful!" cried Lorraine.

"The title of the second number you will hear to-morrow is the 'Fifth Symphony' of Beethoven," Uncle Jerome went on. "It is a drama—a great drama—in which the famous Beethoven explains through music the struggle he had as a young boy, and later as a young man, to express himself through music. His story was like that of George Washington or Abraham Lincoln, or any other great man in history who has struggled and always tried to do the right thing. Listen to the introduction."

Uncle Jerome played the four opening tones and then repeated them as they appeared in the music.

"We are told," he said, "that this music represents someone knocking at the door, just as though Beethoven were sitting in a room and a stranger arrived to tell him that he was making a great contribution to the world of music." Then Uncle Jerome played it again, and the same little theme seemed to go back and forth like a ship tossed around in a heavy sea. The music went



on. Suddenly there came a simple melody that any child could sing. Uncle Jerome said to them, "This is played by the French horn. It is just as though Beethoven were saying, 'Now I know that I have won the struggle. I am glad I am in this race.'" And then it died away again. Back it came—the same struggle. He played on and on until he reached the triumphant end of the first movement.

"The next movement," said Uncle Jerome, "is like a simple song that any child could sing. It is the song of a hero. This melody is played by the 'cellos—the beautiful love instruments of the orchestra. The 'cellos sing the same music in the orchestra as your mothers once sang to you—lullabies that put you to sleep.

Then came the beautiful melody of the second movement. The children who were thrilled by the finale of the first part now settled back in their chairs to enjoy the gentle beauty of this part.

"Now there comes a new theme," said Uncle Jerome. "To-morrow, the famous conductor will tell you that this music is meant to represent the return of a hero, and the people are shouting, 'Sound the trumpet and drum, for our hero has come. He has fought a good fight. He has won!'"

Little Tommy was up on his feet. The strain was too much for him. He felt that he was a hero as great as Alexander or Napoleon.

"I shall play just a little of the third part for you," said Uncle Jerome, smiling at the children's enthusiasm, "because it is really sad music that is rather hard to understand.

"And now we shall go to the last part which is a march of triumph. It is a wonderful theme, and it shows how all of us may accomplish what we start

out to do, and if we are sincere and really work we will succeed."

And with all the joyousness of a great orchestra Uncle Jerome played the final theme. "It is a song of triumph," he said. "A few minutes ago when I played part of the third movement it seemed very dark and sad. Now the music is joyous."

After he had finished, the music club all took a walk in the garden. "These flowers are beautiful, Uncle Jerome," cried Lorraine, "just like your music. Tell us some more about to-morrow's concert!"

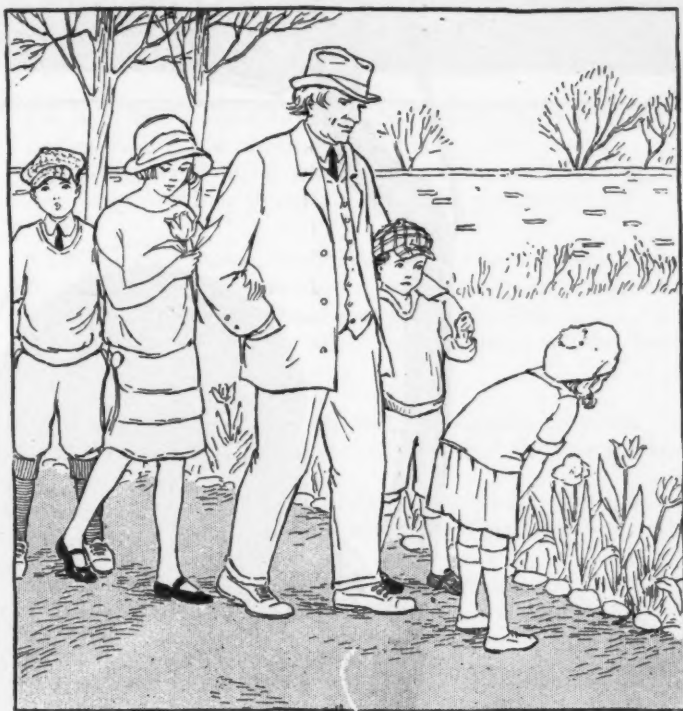
Uncle Jerome smiled and told them that just the strings of the orchestra would play the "Andante Cantabile," by Tschaikowsky. This was a very simple number arranged for a string quartet—first violin, second violin, viola, and 'cello, but it was

so beautiful that someone arranged it for all the strings of the orchestra, including the double bass. "When you hear this to-morrow you will understand how beautiful the string instruments sound," he said, as they returned to the studio. Very simply, he played the lovely "Andante Cantabile" which was very easy to understand.

"To-morrow's concert," said Uncle Jerome, "will close with the triumphal scene from Verdi's great opera, 'Aida.' The hero has just returned from a conquest of Etheopia. The King of Egypt with all his court is there to receive him. They are so proud of him that everyone is prepared to do him honor. Suddenly Verdi's chorus stops and there comes a wonderful song played by the trumpets."

From the piano came the great sounds of praise. When Uncle Jerome had finished, the music club felt that they were part of the great procession.

"I can't wait for to-morrow!" said Lorraine.









## OUR PLAY

HELEN WING

IT'S GOING to be on Saturday, just two days from to-day,  
That Dick and Mary Ann and I are acting out a play.  
I mostly made it up myself (the others are too small,  
For Dick is six, and Mary Ann will not be four till fall).

I'm eight, and I can read my second primer nearly through,  
So I'm the one who shows the other actors what to do.  
I take the part of "Mrs. Smith," and wear my hair up high,  
And when my little girl gets lost I walk around and cry.

Then in comes Dickie, like a man, (with whiskers made of fur),  
And says "Here, Woman, take your child, for I have rescued her.  
I found her riding on a train that goes to Buffalo,  
And I have brought her safely back, through all this freezing  
snow."

So then I thank the whiskered man for bringing her to me,  
And say, "Oh, won't you please sit down and have some cake and  
tea?"

He says, "I think we've met before"; and as I look at him  
He pulls his whiskers off and says, "I am your brother Jim!

"I left you forty years ago, but now I'm home to stay."  
Then everyone is happy—and that's what ends the play.  
On Saturday 'most everyone in town will come, I guess,  
For Father says our show can't help but be a grand success.





## MAY TREASURE

### CHARACTERS

By FRANCES CAVANAH

HELEN, SHIRLEY, SUZANNE, JANE, RACHAEL, DOROTHY and MIRIAM. HELEN wears white, but the others have dresses of pale blues and pinks and lavenders and yellows.

THE ELVES, seven of them in all, in tightly-fitting green suits, with gloves and feet covering attached. They have pointed green caps and green whiskers and green masks covering the upper parts of their faces. They have swords, too—the sort you make of wood and cover with bright tinfoil.

THE ELF KING, whose part should be taken by a boy older than the others. He wears green hose, knee breeches and doublet. His mantle is green, too, just the color of his whiskers and his wig. On his head is a golden crown, but he wears no mask.

SCENE: A cozy nook in the Valley of Spring Flowers. At the left a throne has been prepared for the May Day Queen. At back, center, the Maypole has been set up. You may give this play in a corner of your park or garden, but you need enough shrubbery to hide the movements of your characters off-stage, and you must have several rocks and logs so your characters can sit down and be comfortable. If you give the play indoors, present it against a background of greenish brown curtains, skillfully draped to suggest trees. When the curtain goes up, Jane runs in, a note in her hand, and looks eagerly about her. In a minute she is joined by Rachael, who is also carrying a letter. Faint fairy music may be heard in the distance.

**JANE:** Did you find a note, too?

[RACHAEL nods just as SHIRLEY and SUZANNE run in from one side of the stage and MIRIAM and DOROTHY from the other. Each of them holds a letter in her hand.]

**DOROTHY** (waving her note in an effort to attract attention): Girls, I wish you would see these letters that Miriam and I found last night.

**SUZANNE:** We've seen some just like them.

**MIRIAM:** But these are not just ordinary letters, girls. Listen! [Reading.] Promptly at the stroke of six on the morning of May Day, you are commanded to appear before the King of the Elves in

the Valley of Spring Flowers at the spot where the Maypole has been erected. Come (in a stage whisper) or beware! [The others whisper to one another, exchange notes while some of them say, "Exactly what my note said" and "My letter was like that, too."]

**RACHAEL** (with a delightful shiver): Isn't that beware part thrilling?

**JANE:** When I first found the note inside my bedroom window—

**THE OTHERS:** Yes, that's where I found mine, too.

**JANE:** I thought just at first that perhaps the boys were trying to play a joke on me.

**SHIRLEY:** Oh, Jane, we saw the elves. Didn't we, Suzanne?

**SUZANNE:** Yes, at a distance. They were the funniest little green men—green whiskers and green faces and green caps and suits.

**MIRIAM** (as the music becomes louder): And listen to that music! Oh, I wish the King would hurry up and let us see what he looks like.

**JANE:** I wonder whom the boys elected for May Queen last night? I hope they didn't go and bungle things.

**RACHAEL:** They'll be very fair about it, and there was nothing else to do but let them choose the girl. We couldn't agree about it.

**DOROTHY:** Johnny Mason's cousin is visiting him and was going to the meeting, too, so Johnny told me.

[She is interrupted by the sudden entrance of HELEN, a radiant little figure in her white dress. She flings out her arms in a joyous gesture.]





HELEN: New flowers show their faces  
Each day.  
Earth's blossoming with beauty.  
It's May!

JANE (*practically*): Well, Helen, where did you learn that?

HELEN: I made it up just now in honor of the flowers. They're everywhere—hepaticas and violets, daffodils and tulips; bluebells, too—they're *everywhere*. The valley is alive with loveliness this morning.

DOROTHY (*just a little impatiently*): Yes, Helen, we know that you love flowers—but tell us, did you find a note like this?

HELEN (*dramatically*): I was summoned to meet the Elf King on the dawn of May Day. And when I came to answer his command, he sent the flowers ahead to welcome me.

[The fairy music has gradually become louder, and now the ELVES run in, their bright swords clanking as they dance. One by one the girls start to speak to them. In each instance, an ELF brandishes a sword in her face until she meekly stands back. Now a bugle is heard in the distance, and the music changes to a march. The ELVES, now in two lines, cross their swords. Under this gleaming archway marches the ELF KING to his throne. Once he is seated, the ELVES break ranks and place their swords in their scabbards. Two of their number take up their places on either side of the throne. Now for the first time, apparently, the KING notices the girls.]

KING (*shouting*): Who gave you permission to enter the throne room of the King? Off with the head of the elf who did! [He points his scepter at each elf in turn and speaks very rapidly as they shake their heads and whiskers.] Did you—did you—did you—did you—did you? [Helplessly.] Now what am I to do? I have ordered that some one's head be taken off, and my orders are never disobeyed. [The girls have been huddled together in their fright—all but HELEN.]

HELEN: I'm afraid, sir, that you'll have to take your own head off, because it was *you* who sent for us.

KING (*scared*): But how can I? Not that I mind losing a head or two—we elves change heads quite frequently. But all my brainy heads are in the wash and won't be home till Monday and I have so many important affairs of state to attend to in the meantime.

HELEN: When we children say that someone will take our heads off, *we* mean that we'll be scolded. Perhaps if the fairy queen could give you a good scolding, that would do.

KING (*sighing*): She'll be only too glad of the chance. [To his right-hand elf.] Zimper, see if you can make an appointment with the fairy queen this afternoon to give me a good scolding.

[ZIMPER makes a note of this request in a little memorandum book.]

JANE: Helen, remind him of those notes he wrote us.

HELEN (*showing the KING her letter*): Don't you remember telling us to come?

KING: Blimper, my date book! [The left-hand ELF places a huge book on the KING's knees and opens it at the proper place. The KING pores over it, reading off the items.] Monday—4:30, see that the dawn breaks properly; 5, attend the early birds' convention; 6, choose a May Queen. Boys could not decide whom to vote for and asked elves to help. Oh, yes, now I remember. Zimper, what did we decide to do?

DOROTHY (*as ZIMPER hands the KING a slip of paper*): Oh, tell us, please, who is the May Day Queen?

KING (*reading*): We have decided to name the girl queen who can discover the treasure of the glen.

JANE: There's no treasure in the valley. I've lived near here all my life and I ought to know.

[At this the ELVES laugh heartily and long. HELEN looks suspiciously at one of them.]

HELEN: That sounds most awfully like Johnny Mason's laugh.







**KING (gravely):** It is. My elf, Plimper, liked Johnny's laugh so much that Johnny agreed to loan it to him for a month.

**SUZANNE:** You might have told us that we'd dig for treasure. Then we could have brought our spades and shov-

els and worn our oldest dresses.

*[The ELVES nearly double up with laughter this time, but at a sign from the KING they cover their mouths with their hands and choke back all sounds.]*

**KING:** Oh, but this is not *that* kind of a treasure.

**DOROTHY:** Then what sort of treasure is it?

**KING (to BLIMPER):** Find me the definition on Page 1003 of the Elf-land Dictionary. *[Reading from the open book that BLIMPER hands him.]* The treasure is the rainbow broken into many pieces and scattered through the valley.

**HELEN:** Oh, hasn't that a prancy sound? How I would love to gather pieces of the rainbow in a basket of sweet grass.

**KING (as he holds out two baskets):** That is *precisely* how you gather them.

**MIRIAM:** Oh, may we start to hunt right now?

**KING (handing MIRIAM and DOROTHY each a basket):** Only two of you at once, and you two may not go together, or you might help each other discover what the treasure is. My secretaries here will guide you. *[The two elves near the throne lead*

*the girls away in opposite directions, as the KING turns to the others.]* My other elves will give you entertainment while you wait.

**HELEN (as the girls find seats):** Can the elves really use those little toy swords of theirs?

**KING:** Toy swords, indeed! Humph! Kimper and Jimper, let them see you fence.

*[Two elves jump to their feet and draw their swords. To the same elfin music they parry back and forth, while the girls shout their approval and laugh when the swords become entangled in the elves' long whiskers. They are interrupted by the return of MIRIAM and DOROTHY with their guides.]*

**MIRIAM:** We saw nothing we had not seen before.

**DOROTHY:** No, not one thing!

**KING (displeased):** Give the baskets to two others. *[To the guides.]* Show them the valley on this May Day morning. Perhaps their eyes will be more used to beauty. *[SUZANNE and SHIRLEY take the baskets and run out with the guides.]* Yesterday I blew some magic soap bubbles from the early dew. Our guests may like to play with them while we are waiting.

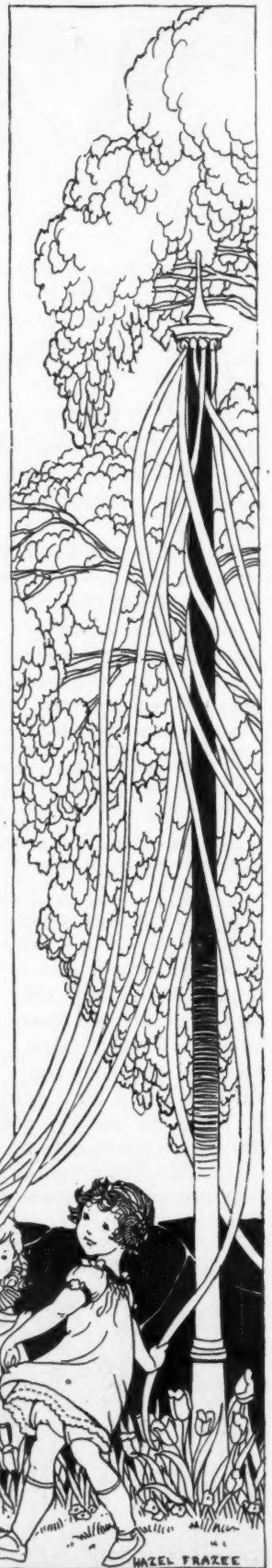
*[The elves run for the huge soap bubbles—which are really balloons—hidden behind the throne. With a light thrust they toss them to the girls who toss them back, in time to the elfin music that begins again.]*

**JANE:** Ouch! That big fat elf stepped on my toe. He's just as awkward as some of the boys at dancing school.

*[At this the ELVES can hardly control their mirth. Fortunately, SUZANNE and SHIRLEY return at this point.]*

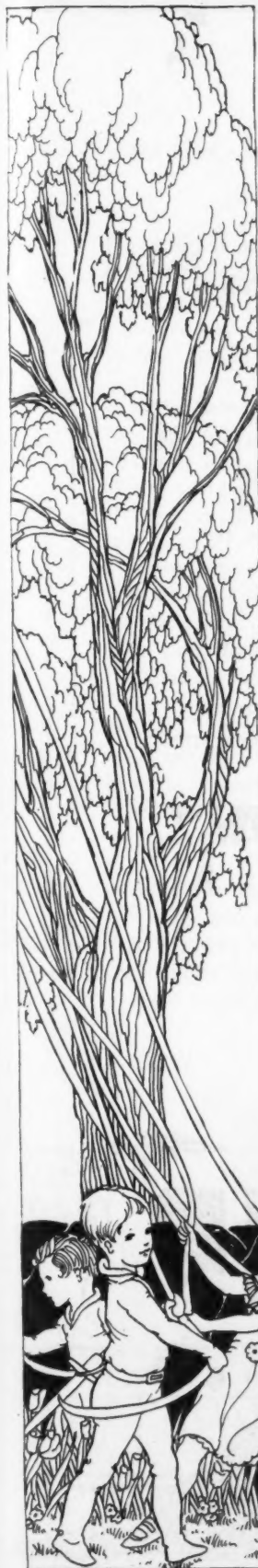
**SUZANNE:** I don't care what anybody says. There *isn't* any treasure in the valley.

**KING (to the guides):** Try two



HAZEL FRAZEE





others. We must find the one whose heart is tuned to loveliness. [The guides beckon JANE and RACHAEL who pick up the baskets and hurry off.] Now my elves will show how strong they are.

[Music sounds again, and the ELVES perform various stunts and exercises, forming a pyramid at the close. Rachael and JANE return.]

DOROTHY: Why, I've seen the boys at school do that very thing!

JANE (handing her the basket): You're the only one left to try, Helen. But you won't find a thing.

HELEN (taking the hand of one of the guides and running out with him): Oh, please, let's hurry and pick up the rainbow pieces.

MIRIAM: If none of us can find the treasure, can none of us be May Day queen?

KING: If you cannot discover the treasure you are not worthy to be Queen of May. Unless a girl knows beauty, she is no queen.

JANE: I looked for the treasure hard enough. It just wasn't there.

At a sign from the KING the ELVES break into another dance, which comes to an end when HELEN runs in, her basket brimming with spring flowers. She presents it to the KING.]

HELEN (radiantly): I found the treasure. Here is your basket filled with tiny pieces of the rainbow. The valley is alive with loveliness this morning.

SHIRLEY: That is exactly what she said before.

HELEN: Yes, and I made a little poem to greet the flowers this morning. Shall I say it? (The KING nods).

New flowers show their faces

Each day.

Earth's blossoming with beauty.

It's May!

KING (placing a crown of buttercups on her head): Helen is May Queen!

[There is a lusty shout from the ELVES as they pull off green caps and green whiskers and green masks.]

JANE: Why—why—it's just the boys after all—Johnny Mason—

SHIRLEY: And Stubby Jenkins and Bill Rowe and the others. Why—why—how dare you?

KING (taking off his own whiskers): Now before you take their heads off, let me explain. [There is laughter at this.] The boys just couldn't decide whom to vote for. Their teacher met with them last night and said that the girl who loved flowers the most had the best right to be queen. I suggested that this would be a good way of finding out about that.

RACHAEL: But—who are you?

KING (bowing): I'm visiting Johnny. I was the only one who dared to talk because you'd know the voices of the others.

[The girls are talking at one side to the boys and laughing over the splendid joke that had been played on them.]

SHIRLEY: Well, you fooled us!

KING (stepping down from the throne and helping HELEN to the seat he has been occupying): This is your throne now.

HELEN (giggling with delight): Oh, it just feels beautiful up here.

JOHNNY: What is your first command, Queen Helen? [He bows.]

HELEN: Oh, won't you wind the pretty Maypole, please?

[They rush to obey and the play ends with the Maypole dance.]



## SLUMBER TIME

ROSE WALDO

COME, baby, my love,  
My drowsy-eyed dove,  
Creep into your slumber time nest.  
Press your dear little face  
On your sleepy time place  
And sink into dreamy time rest.

Oh! what could compare  
To holding you there,  
So tender and trustful and sweet;  
You honor my arms  
With your babyhood charms  
And crown me—your captive complete!



## ROCK-A-BYE CHAIR

JOHN MARTIN

THE day is done, my little one;  
Our rush and our work are through.  
Daddy is here, Baby, my dear,  
To love and to rock-a-bye you,  
*Love and to rock-a-bye you.*

We are at home and peace has come,  
So hush to worry and care.  
Softly and slow, sleepy we go  
To rest in our Rock-a-bye Chair,  
*Rest in our Rock-a-bye Chair.*

My Baby, sleep, and I will keep  
A kiss and a hug for fare.  
And these shall pay old tired Day  
For a ride in Rock-a-bye Chair,  
*A ride in Rock-a-bye Chair.*

My baby, rest, the night is best  
For wee ones to snuggle where  
No harm or fear can happen near  
The peace of our Rock-a-bye Chair,  
*Peace of our Rock-a-bye Chair.*

God give you strength, and joyful length  
Of days, and a big, big share  
Of good He knows that always goes  
With love in our Rock-a-bye Chair,  
*Love in our Rock-a-bye Chair.*





# The Sugar Plum Tree

## PUZZLE—

FIND THE GINGERBREAD DOG  
AND THE CHOCOLATE CAT

YOU say but the word to that ginger-  
bread dog

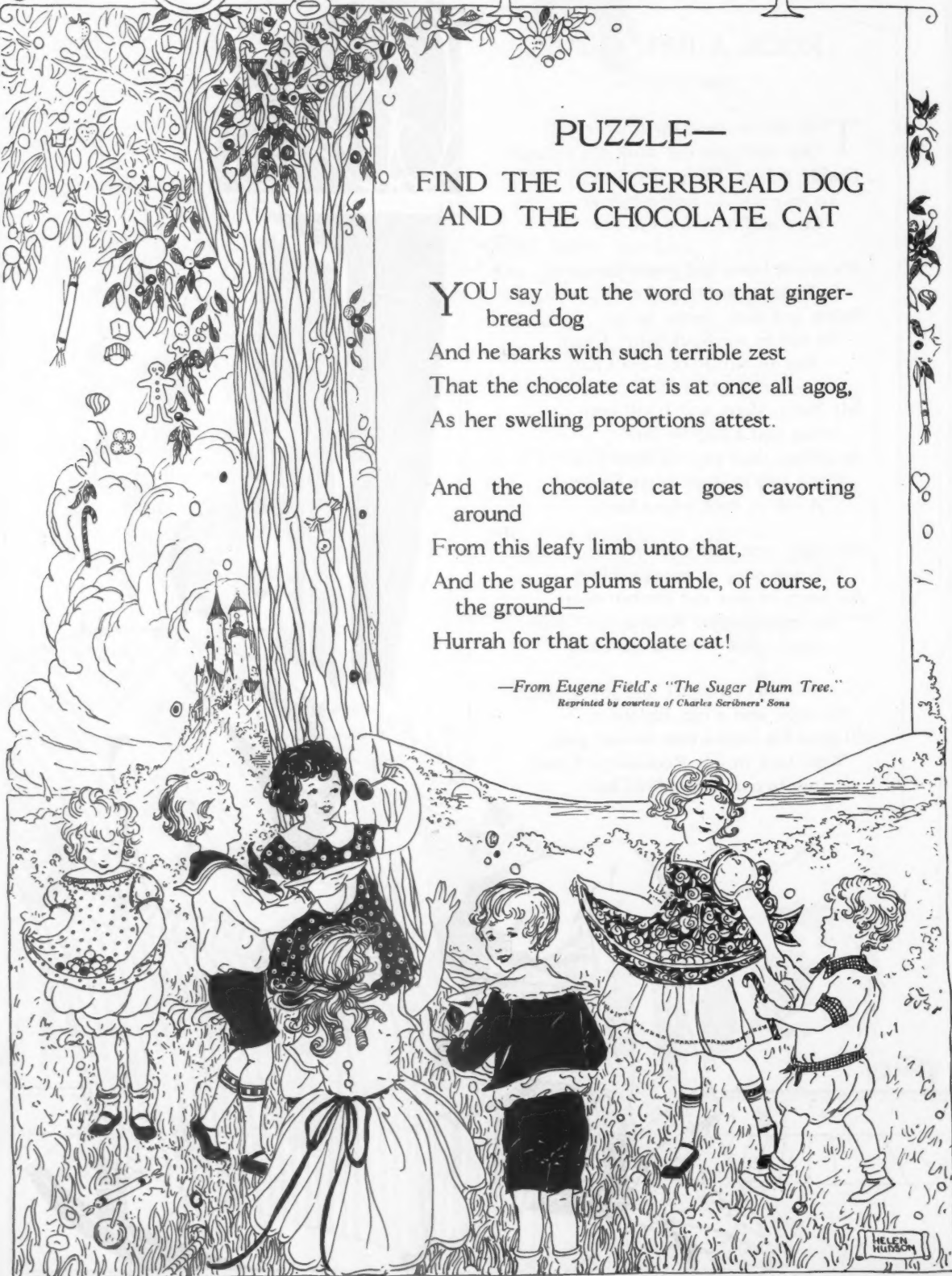
And he barks with such terrible zest  
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,  
As her swelling proportions attest.

And the chocolate cat goes cavorting  
around

From this leafy limb unto that,  
And the sugar plums tumble, of course, to  
the ground—

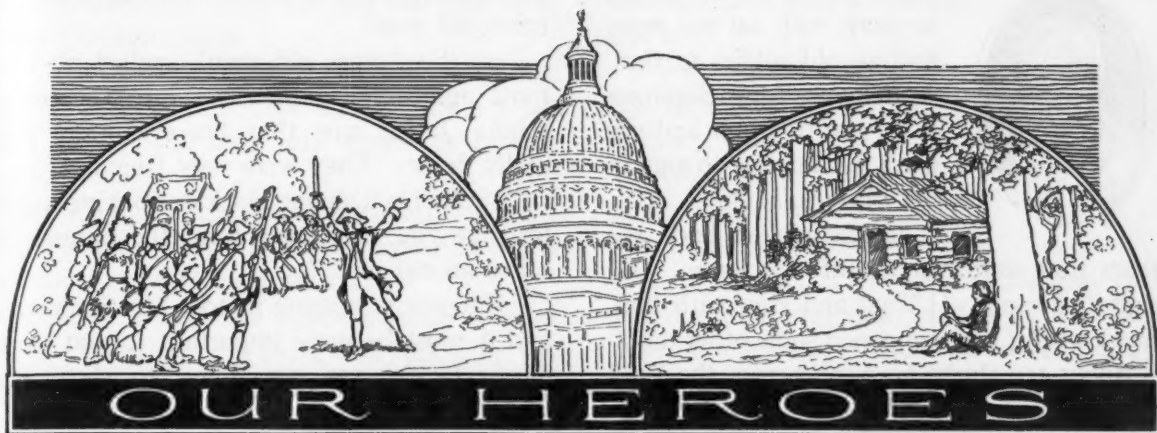
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

—From Eugene Field's "The Sugar Plum Tree."  
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HELEN  
HUNSON





## BETTER THAN A PARADE

**T**HE sun was shining very bright and warm through the small window in Jackie's room when he awoke. For a moment he lay there trying to think what pleasant thing was going to happen. Then he remembered it was Memorial Day. Memorial Day, and the Boy Scouts were to be in the parade! Jackie was going to help carry their banner. He felt a little thrill of pride at the thought that the scouts were to march just in front of the automobiles that would carry the old soldiers. He had heard Mother and Father say that there was only a small number of the Civil War veterans left.

He jumped out of bed and dressed hurriedly. He put on his scout uniform and knotted the handkerchief of his troop around his neck. As he went down the stairs he could hear his mother talking to some one in the dining room. It was Miss Martha Summers who lived in the next house.

"Good morning, Jackie," she said, as he slid into his chair at the table.

His mother followed her to the door and

By KATHRYN KEELINE BURKE

Jackie could hear what they were saying.

"That's all right, Martha. Of course you couldn't leave him alone, and it is too late now to ask anyone to take your place. He will be glad to be of service."

It was Mother speaking, and Jackie felt a bit worried. Could it be anything that might interfere with his part in the ceremonies?

"I hope you won't mind, dear," said Mother. "Miss Summers came over to ask if you would not stay with her father while she sings at the exercises this morning. I told her that you would."

"But, Mother!" Jackie looked as though he could not believe what he had heard. "I am going to be in the parade."

"So was old Mr. Summers," answered his mother. "You know he is one of the old soldiers. But he does not feel well enough to stand the ride to-day."

"And I am to carry a corner of the Scout banner," persisted Jackie.

"Well, that is too bad, Son," Mother admitted, "but surely





a Boy Scout will be willing to stay with an old man, and an old soldier at that. You know, Miss Summers is on the program and she can't get anyone to sing in her place this late."

Jackie winked back the tears that were coming into his eyes. "All right," he said, "I'll go and stay with him, but I wish it had happened some other day."

About ten-thirty he went across the yard and knocked at the door of the next house. Of course he knew Mr. Summers, for the two families had been neighbors ever since he could remember. But he had never been on friendly terms with the old man. Somehow he felt that little boys were not welcome there, and Mr. Summers always frowned so fiercely from under his bushy eyebrows if Tim, Jackie's dog, chased the chattering squirrels over in his yard.

Miss Summers had her hat on when she opened the door.

"Father is right, in the living room, Jackie," she said. "I hope you will have a nice time together. I made doughnuts yesterday, and you will find a plate of them on the dining room table. They are for you."

Jackie thanked her, but his heart sank as the opened door let in the sound of a band playing down on Main Street. He saw her go down the steps and walk, and wished that his mother had not made such a promise.

What would he ever find to talk about to this cross old man?

But the "cross old man" smiled at him most agreeably as he came into the other room. Jackie saw that his eyes were not really fierce. They were very friendly.

"I call this a shame, Jackie—making a fellow like you stay away from the parade to nurse an old man."

"But you're missing it, too, Mr. Summers, and it must be more important to you than me." Jackie was not going to show his disappointment.

"Well, I do enjoy them, and I don't suppose I'll be in many more," admitted the old man.

"I guess I am lucky at that when I think of all the old comrades who have been gone these many years."

"Yes, sir," said Jackie, and sat upon a large, cushioned chair.

"But these parades aren't so much after all, when I sit here thinking of the days when we were really marching for a purpose."

This sounded like a story, and Jackie's eyes lighted up with



interest. "Won't you tell me about some of the things that happened in those days?" he asked.

"Well, now, I've been thinking all morning over something that happened to me, and I believe you are just the young man I ought to tell it to. It thrilled me a great deal at the time, and has given me a lot of pleasure to remember ever since. That was my meeting with President Lincoln."

"Oh, did you really see him and talk with him?" asked Jackie.

"Yes, indeed. And if you will go to the top drawer of that desk and get me a little box in it, I will show you something I prize very much."

Jackie placed the box in the old man's hand and was very curious to see him bring out a medium-sized black button.

"Doesn't look like much, does it?" asked Mr. Summers. "Well, I will tell you the story and you can judge for yourself." He leaned back in his chair and gazed out of the window as though he were seeing again the old days when he was a young soldier in blue.

"I was sent to Washington with a private message for Lincoln, after the skirmish at Bloody Angle. It was a big thing for a young private and I was pretty proud to have been chosen. All the way I rehearsed the speech with which I would hand over the message. You know, a private must be very solemn when he is addressing one of the high officers, and the President was my commander in chief. Then, too, I was very young and wanted to be as dignified as I could, so the President wouldn't notice my age. I was pretty well scared, I can tell you, while they kept me waiting in the anteroom at the White House.

"It wasn't long to wait, though, before the President's secretary told me to go in. There I was in a large, high-ceilinged room, and the President sat with his head over a table, resting it upon his arms. He did not look at me as I handed him the papers, and I felt disappointed, for you can't make a speech to a man who won't look at you. He read the papers through twice before he glanced up, and there was the kindest smile on his face I have ever seen. I have never

seen anything quite so friendly and sad."

"What did he look like, Mr. Summers?" interrupted Jackie.

"Well, his face was rough and wrinkled, but the tenderness in his eyes overshadowed everything else. He wore a frock coat that was wrinkled and shiny and if he had been any other man he would have looked untidy. In his presence you just didn't seem to look at appearances. He smiled at me and told me to be at ease.

"'Why, you're nothing but a mere boy,' he said. 'Come and sit down, and tell me how you find conditions among the men you are with.' And he pointed to a chair.

"I sat down and forgot all about my speech. As well as I could I told him how we were and tried to show him that we were working for the safety of our country. I meant to make him see that we were trying to help him with his great task.

"His face was very sad as I talked, and he sighed several times. His only comment when I had finished was, 'What a heap of trouble and suffering this war has made!'

"When he went to dismiss me he put his arm across my shoulders and asked for my name. It was then that I got up the courage to ask for a remembrance. Before he could even hesitate, I said

desperately, 'Anything, sir—a button from your coat.' With a paper knife he ripped it off, and this is the button."

The old man fingered it reverently as Jackie looked on with new interest. "I want some one to have it who will take care of it and appreciate it. I haven't much longer to be here. I know that a boy who would come







## THE BEST BOUQUETS

**I**T BEGAN one day in April when Dick brought home a big

bunch of trailing arbutus—the first of the season. The little waxy blossoms were most of them deep pink. They were so lovely against the rich green of their leaves that Mother fairly gasped with delight when Dick tossed them into her lap. And then she gasped with something else.

"Oh Dickie," she said, "you pulled up lots of roots! I suppose you hadn't any scissors with you, but you had your knife. Even with your fingers you could have been careful."

"Didn't have time to be," Dick explained breathlessly. "Jack Thompson was looking for them too. I had to get ahead of him."

"Where did you find them, Dick?" asked Dolly, very sad to think that Dick had been for arbutus without her.

"Why, close by the April path," Dick chuckled.

"You went right past them yesterday. So did Jack. I just happened to see one little spray sticking up, and I poked off the dead leaves, the way you've shown us,

By MARGARET WARDE

Author of the "Betty Wales" Series,  
the "Nancy Lee" Series, etc.

Mommie, and under the leaves the ground was just *pink!* I wish

you could have seen it."

"So do I," said Mother. "But I wish more—Well, never mind that now." She handed Dick back his flowers. "Don't you want to arrange them for me, Dick?"

Dick took the flowers and went whistling out to the kitchen to put them in a vase. He was gone a long time and when Mother and Dolly finally went out to see what had happened to him, he had the kitchen table covered with vases and bowls and jars.

"Oh, bother!" he said. "I can't make them look the way I want to. I've tried all these different vases, but not one of them is right."

"How did you want them to look?" asked Mother.

"Oh—I don't know," said Dick, slowly, because ideas are so very hard to explain. "I wanted them to look—oh, as pretty as they did when I found them. But in the vases

they're just stiff and too tight together and homely."

"I see," said Mother sympathetically. "Well, now you go and do your chores, and Dolly and I will try our hands at arranging



your flowers—in the way they'll look best."

The minute Dick was outside the door, Mother told Dolly to put on her coat and her rubbers. Mother put hers on too, and they took hands and ran up into the woods that were just beyond the orchard. There, down by the brook on a stone, Mother found a sheet of green moss.

"I don't like to disturb it," she told Dolly, "when it's so pretty here, but I must have it to show Dick how flowers look loveliest."

So she pulled off part of the moss and she and Dolly ran home again and put the moss in a low glass dish and stuck the arbutus sprays in the moss. And they looked at home there.

When Dick came in, he noticed his flowers right away. "I say, you two did well!" he cried.

"Didn't we?" chimed in Dolly delightedly. "Mommie says flowers ought to look happy after they're picked."

"Well, these do," chuckled Dick. "They look—why, they look almost the way they did when I found them."

"Of course, they do!" Dolly pointed eagerly to the moss. "Don't you remember the arbutus always looks prettiest when it grows in a bed of moss? Mommie and I ran and got that a-purpose to make them look happy and growing."

"Lots of trouble you took," laughed Dick, "just to make 'em look the way they did before I picked 'em." Then his face grew sober. "If I hadn't been afraid Jack Thompson would find them first, I could have left

them right there for you to see, Mommie. I'm sorry I pulled up roots."

"I've been thinking, Dick," said Mother. "You know Mr. Morris, who gave you the land for the Lincoln cabin, has put up signs in his woods to keep out hunters and trappers.

He wants the birds and all the little wood creatures to be safe and happy up there, and he hopes you children will make friends with them. Now I've been wishing the flowers could be safe up there too. The arbutus and the pink lady-slipper that will blossom next month along the April Path, the little yellow

lady-slipper that grows in the bog behind the cabin, the tiny, fairy-like maiden-hair fern that we've found by that brook—every year they're harder and harder to find. Wouldn't it be fine if the flowers all knew they'd be let alone and taken care of in the woods where you children have your cabin and your April Path?"

"Then," cried

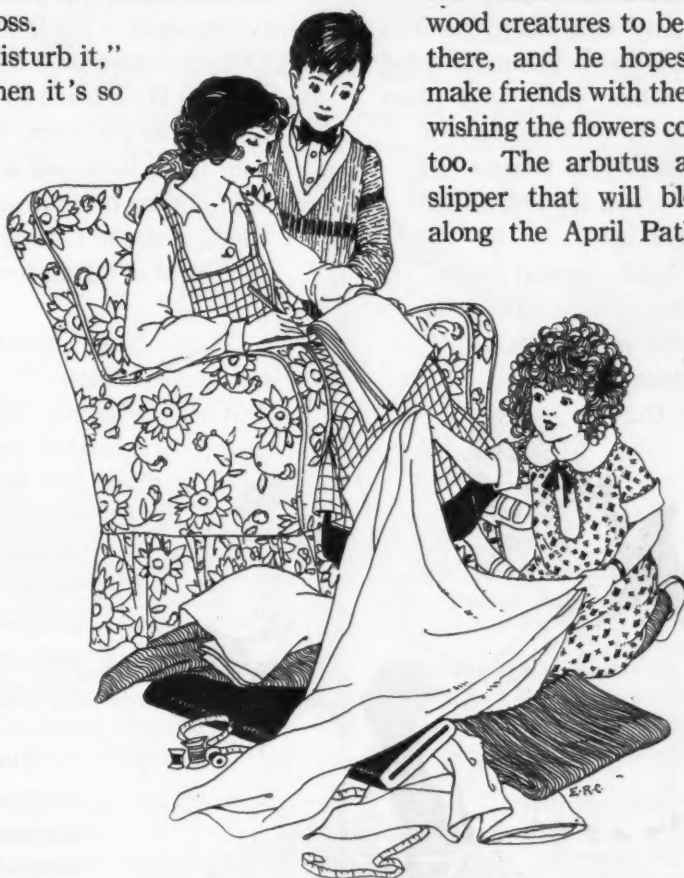
Dolly eagerly, "we could all find pretty things there, and take people to see them, and they wouldn't be picked first by another person."

"Only everybody must promise," Dick warned them. "If I don't pick flowers, and Jack and Andy do, why—"

"Suppose," said Mother, "that you and Dolly take the arbutus to school tomorrow for all the children to see. Then you can explain better about the trouble we took to make it anywhere nearly so lovely as it was in the wood."

"To make it look happy again," amended Dolly.

So next day at school, after the almost-growing bouquet had been duly admired,



Dick explained Mother's plan to all of them.

Micky O'Donnell, who had just moved to the Corners at Christmas time, waved his hand wildly. "Teacher," he said, when Teacher gave him a chance, "I think that is a fine plan, and I'll tell you more that we can do. Where we used to live, my dad was gardener for a lady who liked the wild flowers, and he planted her a beautiful wood garden. He knows where each wild plant will grow, if you move it. We can have a garden of the prettiest wild flowers up there by the Cabin, if you let my father show you how to plant it."

Polish Marie's hand waved next. "Will all that know where the wild flowers are thick, please to tell the rest?" she begged. "Rosie Romano and I, we know not these places, and we love to see."

"I'll tell you what!" George Jones was in such a hurry to tell that he forgot to raise his hand. "Can't we make a sort of flower show of it? Whenever a boy or girl finds a flower growing extra well, he can report to you. Then we can have committees to go and look at all the flowers growing in all the places and decide which are the most beautiful."

Teacher nodded. "And the ten most beautiful might be the honor roll of the wild flowers. I'm sure we can do that, George."

"But that means to stop picking everywhere, doesn't it?" suggested long-headed Jack Thompson. "Instead of just in the Cabin woods. For if I tell of a place on our hill where the shad is blossoming out now, and the air is full of the white foam of it, and

soon the ground will be carpeted with violets—if I tell all of you about that place, I don't want it torn up and spoiled."

"There are two kinds of wild flowers, Jack," explained Teacher, "the rare ones that you should not pick, and the ones that it does no harm to pick some of, leaving plenty for seed. We'll find out from Dick and Dolly's mother and Micky's father which are which. We'll learn to pick carefully with scissors, as we would in our own gardens. And if we break off a branch of shad or wild cherry or thorn-apple, we'll take it where it doesn't show—doesn't spoil the prettiness of all our lovely places. Won't we?"

"Yes! Yes!" shouted every boy and girl in the school.

When Dick and Dolly got home and rushed at Mother to tell her about the flower show and the rules for picking and all, they found her sitting in the midst of a great cloud of yellow and green and pink and purple cambric, scribbling very fast on a pad of paper.

"Don't you children want a May Day party?" she asked. "I've always wanted one—with a May-pole to dance around and a queen of the May. I never got around to plan one before,

but this year, if you children are going to take care of the flowers for us, you don't want the grown-ups to be spoiling things for you because some of us don't understand what you're doing. So I thought we'd certainly better have a May party and ask everybody to come and hear about the plans. I'm writing a play for it—a flower play. These—" Mother waved her hand at the waves of cambric—"are the flower costumes—they're going to be, I mean. Now are there ten boys and nine girls in your school, or is it the other way round?"

The May Day party was perfectly splendid.

(Continued on page 300)







This introduces "Tub" McGee,  
Who found the chart aboard the Lee.

And this is fearless "Froggie" Jones,  
A reckless, roving bag o' bones.

Now as they dreamed of buried hoard,  
Some cunning pirate chief had stored  
Beneath the sands, in distant lands,  
A mutiny broke out on board.

The crew had laid their  
plans with care,  
And caught the captain  
unaware;  
Then with him fast, against  
the mast,  
They started searching  
everywhere.



That night as Froggie prowled about,  
In search of food and drink, no doubt,  
He overtook the Chinese cook,  
Who held him fast and raised a shout.

Then none too gently he was led  
Before a scowling mate, who said,  
"Give me the chart, ye young upstart;  
Or would ye walk the plank instead?"

But Froggie, with a sudden  
cry,  
Sprang for a rope that  
hung near-by,  
And did not stop, till from  
the top  
He perched, as easy as a  
fly.

They tried to catch him tooth and nail,  
As Froggie leaped from sail to sail,  
Around, about, inside and out,  
They followed, but to no avail.

But where was Tubbie all this time?  
I'll tell you in another rhyme.



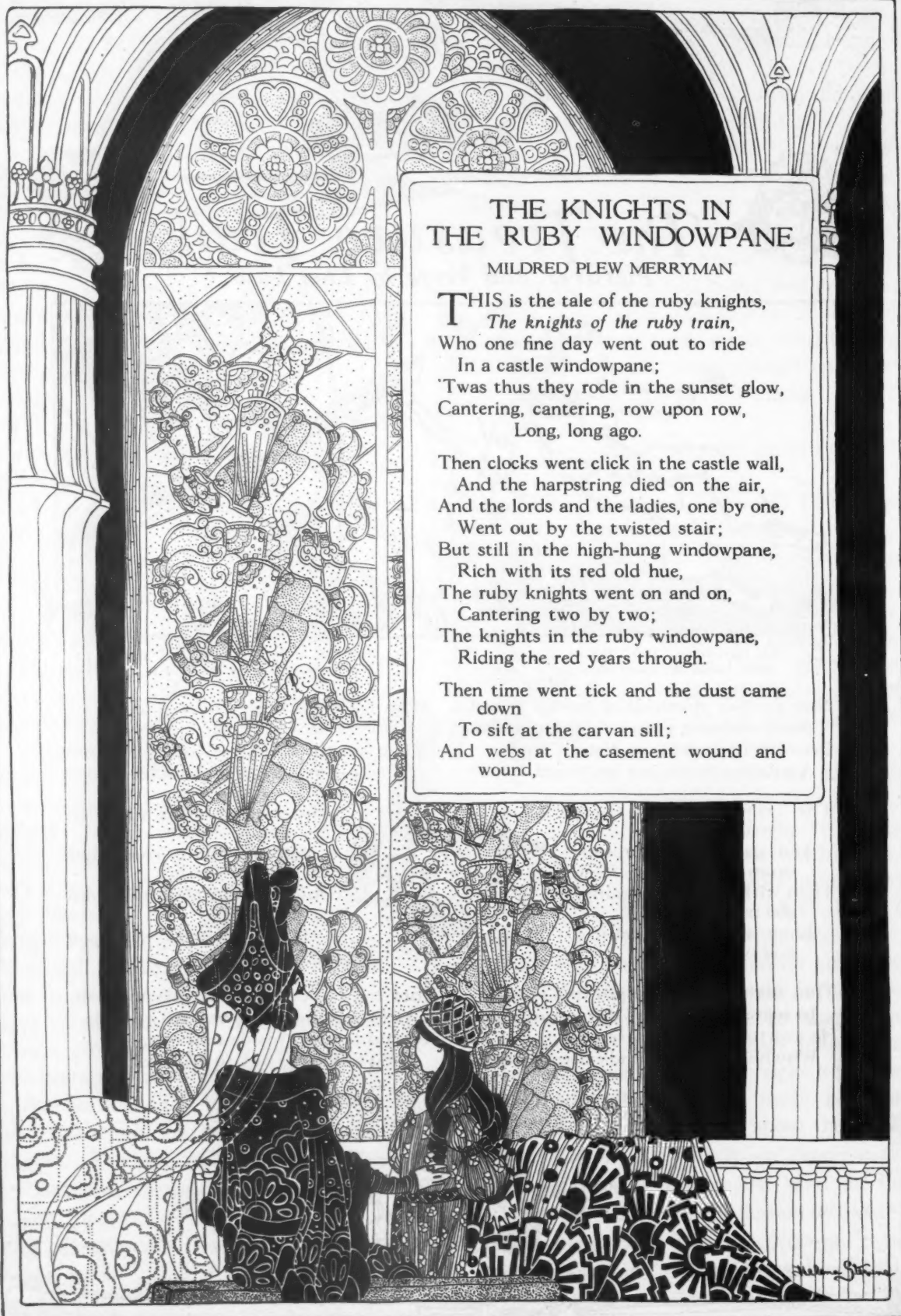
## THE KNIGHTS IN THE RUBY WINDOWPANE

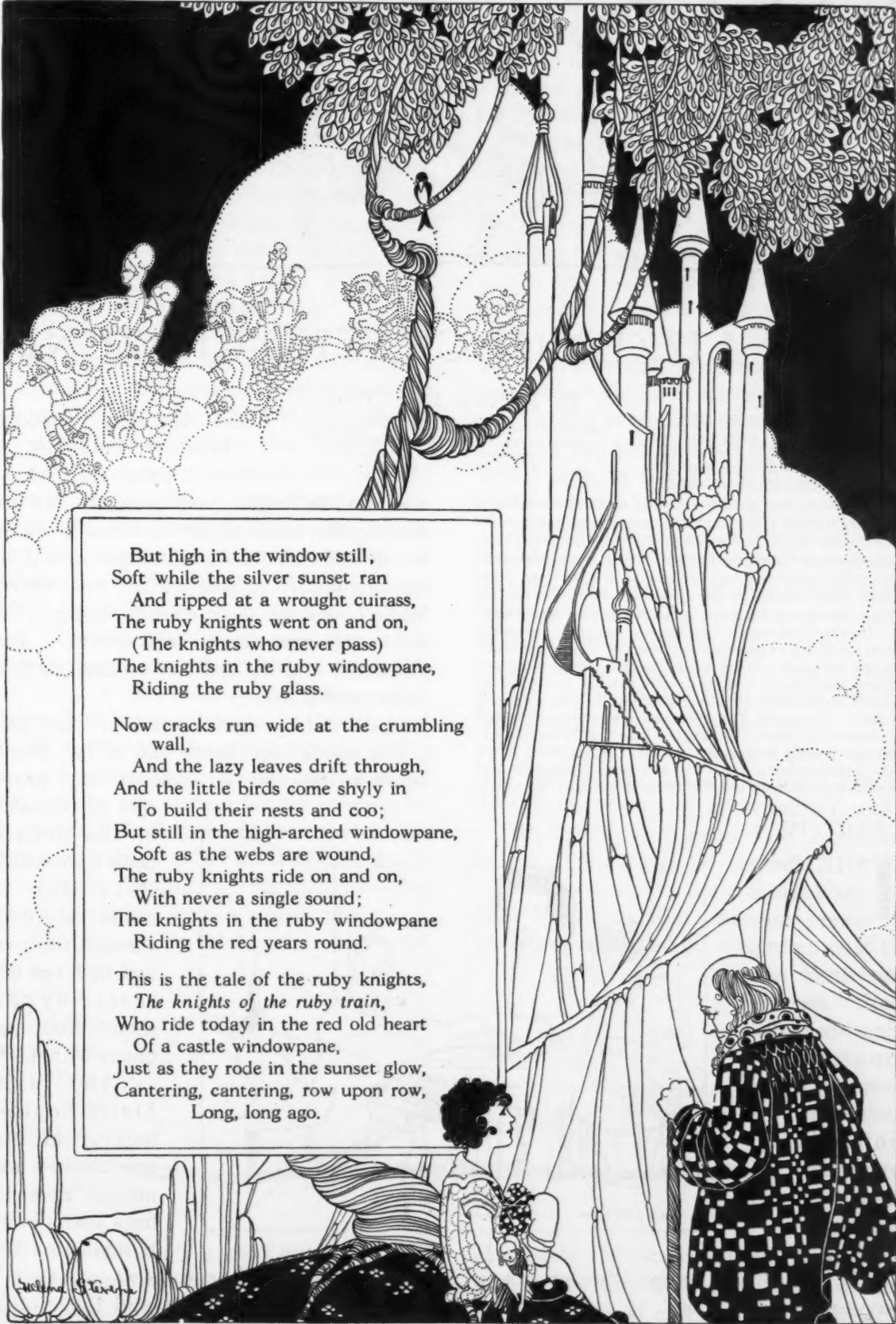
MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN

THIS is the tale of the ruby knights,  
*The knights of the ruby train,*  
 Who one fine day went out to ride  
 In a castle windowpane;  
 'Twas thus they rode in the sunset glow,  
 Cantering, cantering, row upon row,  
 Long, long ago.

Then clocks went click in the castle wall,  
 And the harpstring died on the air,  
 And the lords and the ladies, one by one,  
 Went out by the twisted stair;  
 But still in the high-hung windowpane,  
 Rich with its red old hue,  
 The ruby knights went on and on,  
 Cantering two by two;  
 The knights in the ruby windowpane,  
 Riding the red years through.

Then time went tick and the dust came  
 down  
 To sift at the carvan sill;  
 And webs at the casement wound and  
 wound,





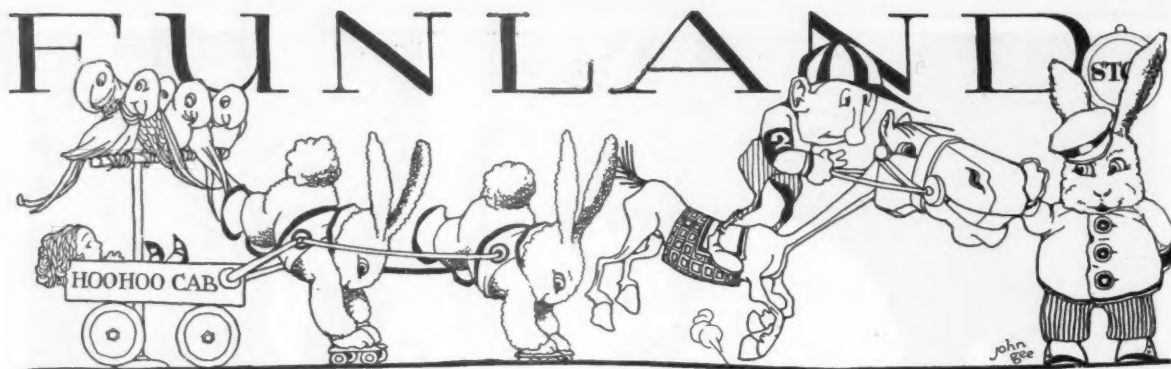
But high in the window still,  
Soft while the silver sunset ran  
And ripped at a wrought cuirass,  
The ruby knights went on and on,  
(The knights who never pass)  
The knights in the ruby windowpane,  
Riding the ruby glass.

Now cracks run wide at the crumbling  
wall,

And the lazy leaves drift through,  
And the little birds come shyly in  
To build their nests and coo;  
But still in the high-arched windowpane,  
Soft as the webs are wound,  
The ruby knights ride on and on,  
With never a single sound;  
The knights in the ruby windowpane  
Riding the red years round.

This is the tale of the ruby knights,  
*The knights of the ruby train,*  
Who ride today in the red old heart  
Of a castle windowpane,  
Just as they rode in the sunset glow,  
Cantering, cantering, row upon row,  
Long, long ago.





## DIZZY LIZZIE IN CRACKO-CRAZENIA

By HUGH LOFTING

WHAT HAPPENED IN  
PARTS I, II AND III

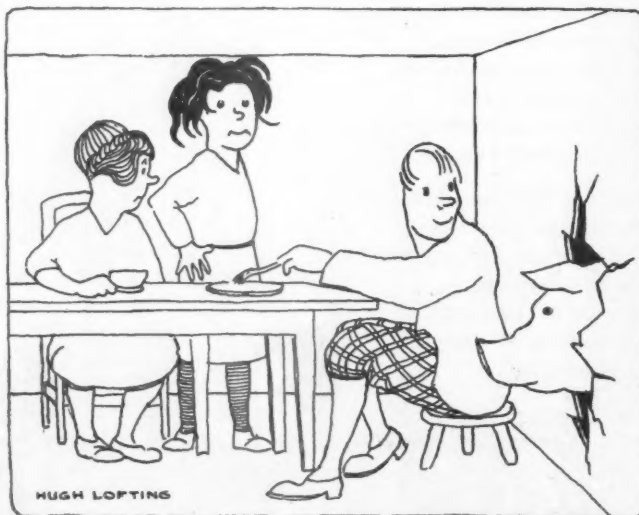
Dizzy Lizzie, the famous founder of Crazy Day, would of course be among the very first to hear of such a country as Cracko-Crazenia, a fascinating republic where during the crazy season of early spring all the March Hares, the April Fools, the May Queens and those people whom the world calls crazy come to enjoy themselves. This spring Lizzie and her brother Aloysius and her friend Anxious Aggie manage to give their Aunt Emily the slip and arrive at the city of Nuthatch in this highly entertaining country. Leaving their money, their names and their reputations outside the Western Gate, they enter the city. Aggie is consoled with the new name of Aggripina Penelope, whilst Lizzie and Aloysius take those of Marie Louise and Bill Smith. Then Professor Foogle of the Idea Shoppe helps them build a house of Potatotex. They build it after Foogle's own patent design, right next door to his home. By means of scientific dieting the professor has brought himself and his whole family down to the height of three or four inches. This way they can reduce the high cost of living—all living in a bird house on one hen's egg a week.

### PART IV

THE three newcomers were now all ready to enter their new home. But imagine their disappointment when they found that they and the Professor had forgotten all about doors and windows!

"Well, never mind," said Marie Louise, "we've got a house—with a fine roof."

"Yes, but how are we going to get in?"



said Aggripina Penelope. However, Potatotex, as well as being very strong, was also very light. And presently Bill discovered that he could lift the whole house up at one end and let the party get into it by crawling under. As soon as they were within, Marie Louise set about cooking supper. She had brought some lamb chops with her. But the smoke and the smell of cooking made it rather stuffy inside.

"I do wish we had a window," said she.

The words were hardly out of her mouth before a cow (who had been attracted to the spot by the smell of the potato peels from which Potatotex is made) stepped through the roof and then ran off, scared by the shouts from the diners within.

"Ah," said Marie Louise, looking at the hole the cow had made, "now we have a window—a skylight. We

shall be able to see the stars as we go to sleep."

"I wish we had a door," said Bill. "It's awfully inconvenient to lift the house up

every time you want to go out into the garden."

But a few moments later a large pig—who also liked potatoes—came browsing along and pushed his snout through the wall.

"There you are," said Marie Louise. "Now you have a door and we're all fixed up. What could be more comfortable than this? Let us get to the washing of the plates. Dear me, what a lot of bones we have from our chops! We must get a dog. I'll go and see if I can buy one in the town."

So leaving Aggripina and Bill to finish the dishes, she set off to buy a dog. At a corner of a street leading into the market-place she saw a sign: "Carasone's Shoe-Shine Parlor. Questions Answered While You Wait."

As her shoes were very dirty from her long walk to Crazenia, Marie Louise went in. She found that Mr. Carasone was a very intelligent man who ran an information bureau and a shoe-shine establishment combined. People sat in chairs having their boots cleaned by Mr. Carasone and asking questions, while Mrs. Carasone looked up their information for them in enormous encyclopedias whose shelves took up an entire side of the shop.

"What kind of a dog is best for eating chop bones?" asked Marie Louise, sitting down.

While she was waiting for her information she turned to look at the customer in the next chair and noticed to her great delight that it was Minnie Snooker, an old friend of hers whom she hadn't seen in a long time.

"Why, Lizzie!" cried Minnie. "How did you get away?"

"Sh! My parents are off visiting," said Marie Louise. "Aunt Emily is in charge of the house and she's a good sleeper."

"But aren't you afraid she'll follow you here?" asked Minnie.

"Oh, no. I don't think so. And anyway

with her naps after lunch and before tea and the rest, even if she learns where I am, the season will be over before she gets here. That's a nice wig you're wearing, Minnie. Pretty color."

"Yes, blue's all the rage this year," said her friend. "I wonder you recognized me. I'm disguised as a marchioness. How did you get your neck so short? It was all stretched out last time I saw you."

"Oh, yes," said Marie Louise. "It got lengthened by a little accident I had with a coach and pair. But I fixed that quite easily. I just washed my neck with laundry soap and it shrank at once."

When the information she sought was provided for her, and her shoes were done, Marie Louise bade her friend farewell, proceeded to a dog shop and bought a dog.

As she approached her house on her return she noticed that some kind of commotion was going on. Bill was running around wildly throwing stones and Aggripina was shouting at the top of her voice.

Presently a tiny child (who Marie Louise guessed must be one of Professor Fozzle's family) rushed up to her and cried,

"Come quick! A cat has climbed up our tree and robbed the house. She's running down the road with my father in her mouth!"

"All right. Don't get excited," said Marie Louise. "We'll soon get him back."

Thereupon she put her dog, which she had been carrying beneath her arm, upon the ground and he sped off after the cat to the

Professor's rescue.

Now this particular cat had no thought of eating the Professor at all. She had just

climbed to the bird-house after birds. But finding this tiny little man inside, she had decided he would make a nice plaything for her kittens and so she was taking him home.



HUGH LOFTING

# PLAY DAYS

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Dearest Sister,

I've been intending to write to you these many days but so much fun has been going on in this house that letters have had to wait. We've been giving plays instead. Yes, really! Can you imagine it? And me in this strange city!

You know, when we moved to the city the thing that bothered me the most was the loss of the children's attic play room and of my lovely neighbors. Of course I needn't have worried—there is always a way to get things that are really important.

The children and I loved the park so much that we didn't even think about an attic till the first rainy day and then Jack suggested that they play in the basement. I went down with him and found a nice corner room, quite away from the storeroom section (which was why I had not seen it) which had no apparent use. We asked the janitor and he said the children might play there if they "didn't make too much noise."

That was the beginning. And it was none too favorable, for though the room was big and fairly clean, there was nothing to play with and no sense of possession—no place to put possessions as in one's own attic, you know.

However, the children and I played games for a while and pretty soon, Bill—Jack said he lived at the next entrance and is in his room at school—stuck his head in the door. Bill had a nose for a good time it seemed—I liked him at once.

"Mother, there's Bill," said Jack. "If he and his sister would come we'd have six and that would be enough for charades." It wasn't two minutes till they joined our fun. They had never acted before and were a little self-conscious for a while, but they soon forgot themselves and we had a jolly time. Just as we were leaving the basement, Ellen and Dick—they were the twins upstairs; I wrote you about them, you recall—appeared and wanted to play. But it was time to get dinner, so we told them to come after school the next day.

All that week it rained and every day from four till five-thirty we played in that room. I stayed with them—at first because I thought they needed me and later because we had such a good time. I liked it almost as well as our beloved attic. It seems it's what you do and who you do it with more than where you do it, that counts.

By the end of the week I had found out pretty well what each child liked to do and we were all acquainted. So when Bill said, "I wish we could really act a play!" I calmly told him to choose his play and we'd do it. You should have seen his eyes!

They chose "Cinderella" because none but my children had ever acted before and, as they all knew that story, it would be the easiest to do. They asked me to assign the parts, but I told them they

could do it better, so after a lot of talk they did it themselves—and did it as fairly and as skillfully as I could have done it, too.

In the meantime four more children, all from our building, had joined the party, so we had plenty for the ball scene and everything.

Jack suggested that we ought to have a curtain, so Ellen proposed that they all do without candy, popcorn and between-meal food for a week and save the money for cambric.

Saturday morning we had the play, with all the mothers invited and half of them there. They are fine and will help us lots—they just never thought of basement play rooms or plays before and they love the idea, now it's started. The other half of the mothers "didn't have time," so they missed a lot of fun.

The best part of the whole play, to my mind, was the orchestra. The idea of having one, started with the ball, which the children thought required music. We found that in our building there were six children who had instruments, mandolin, banjo, saxophone and such and three who play the piano. At first I was stumped about the piano people. We would want them for the practicing upstairs, but they couldn't be used down stairs, for there was no piano there. Finally it occurred to me to have them get simple, inexpensive instruments like triangle, jew's harp and such, you know, to play in the basement, and then to take turns at the piano when they practice upstairs.

That works fine and they are all so happy. Isn't it a pity that children who love music are given so little chance at group expression of it? I know my memories of our Sunday evening home orchestra and "sing" are among the happiest of all my childhood, and I mean that my children, for all they live in a radio-piano-player-age, are going to have the thrill of making music with their playmates. They do love it so. And as you and I well know, it solves the practicing problem these new neighbors of mine find so difficult.

At the end of our play Bill asked what we were going to give next, and Sally suggested "Hansel and Gretel." So now they are painting scenery and planning parts for the next performance, if you please. The "scenery" is manilla paper thumb-tacked onto clothes racks and on one such, the scene painters are creating a candy palace for the witch that positively does make your mouth water!

They love it so and you will too. So you are hereby invited to pack your bag and bring your children and see the play a week from Saturday. We'll stow you away somewhere and you must be here for the fun.

Lovingly,

JANE



"Mother!  
Come quick!"



How often is mother called upon to meet the sudden happenings of childhood!

Grease spots to be removed. Stains on play clothes from bleeding noses. Stains from tumbling around on the grass. To say nothing of the dirt that gets ground into little rompers and diapers, from squirming over the floors.

For such tasks mother needs more than just soap. She needs the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha every day.

Naptha hates dirt. So does soap. And when the naptha and splendid soap in Fels-Naptha get a chance at the dirt, it scampers quickly away from little clothes. Fels-Naptha stands its ground and protects the dainty fabrics.

Fels-Naptha will give mother extra washing value that she cannot get in any other form.

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Midgets, 9 to 11, separate from main camp. Juniors 12 to 14; Seniors, 15 to 17. Completely equipped; specialists for camp-craft; physician and nurse on grounds.

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One of the most satisfactory methods of developing a strong body is, as parents will agree, the systematic life of a summer camp.

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On these pages are the names of carefully investigated camps and of their directors, who are approved specialists in health and play for children. These men and women are so convinced of the life-time value of good health for children that they spend much time and energy for the greater part of a year in order to contribute their camping experience toward making finer, more robust future citizens for the country.

This is the only camp directory which is designed primarily to assist parents in finding camps which have special accommodations for juniors between the ages of three and thirteen.

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Address: R. L. BROWN, Director

Bureau of Education

CHILD LIFE

536 S. Clark St. Chicago, Ill.

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## CHILD LIFE

### Good Citizens' League

**MOTTO:** Responsibility.

**CREED:** I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

**PLEDGE:** Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

#### Health

"May Day is to be Child Health Day this year," Miriam Stanford told the other members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League.

"It was last year, too," Bill added. "Why, the governors of several states issued a regular proclamation about it, just as they do for Thanksgiving Day."

"I heard that our school is going to have a big festival and I know that Miss Bradley, our counselor, has some special plans for our Good Citizens' League—just from the happy, little way she smiled at me this morning."

Miss Bradley came in just then, and she smiled again, for she had overheard Miriam's last remark. "It's the school principal who has a special plan for you," she said. "He wants the Good Citizens to take charge of the May Day and Child Health program. Since there are several branch leagues in our school, one will give a May Day play in the morning, another will make the posters on child health, and we are to have charge of the big festival in the afternoon. We'll have to call on pupils from the entire school to help us, but the May King and Queen and their attendants are to be chosen from our league. The principal says that this comes as a reward for the good work we did

in the April Clean-up campaign."

"Who will be the King and Queen?" asked Jessica.

"The boy and girl who observe their health habits the most con-

except right after meals, for every bath you take and other things like that."

When May Day came David and Miriam were King and Queen.

The other girls were ladies in waiting and the boys were courtiers, except Bill who acted as the herald. A large audience had gathered on the school grounds and, raising his trumpet to his lips, he called loudly, "Hear ye! Make way for the King and Queen of Health." Now Miriam and David, looking very dignified in their robes of state, made their way to the throne, followed by their attendants.

When they were seated, the athletic events began, because the principal had said that outdoor exercise was one of the very greatest aids to health. There were contests for the boys and for the girls—fifty-yard dashes, relay races, ball throwing and high jumps and broad jumps. When they were over, the victors came before the throne to receive their prizes from the King and Queen. After that a girls' chorus sang spring songs, and the afternoon came to a close when eight boys and eight girls

wound the Maypole.

Elizabeth's cheeks were glowing when it was over. "It's fun to exercise and to take care of yourself and to eat the right food and

#### Message from

#### WILSON L. GILL

*Inventor of the School Republic and President of the American Patriotic League*

THE principal of a large public grammar school for girls writes, after several years' use of the School Republic method, that democracy in her school gives to the girls, far beyond all previous conditions, courtesy, dignity, independence, poise, a judicial frame of mind, and both the desire and the habit of co-operating for every good purpose; and it is worthy of special note that they soon learn to bow gracefully to the expressed will of the majority, and to heartily support the adopted measures and elected officers, even though their votes were cast in opposition. Intelligent training in democracy increases the efficiency of the school in every branch and particular. This is illustrated in part if not altogether by the facts related in the following extract from a letter from a teacher of carpentry, a graduate of Yale University.

"It was not until after I began teaching carpentry in the grammar schools of— that I had the opportunity of learning at first hand what the School Republic can do for a community.

"About half my time is spent in a school where the pupils are disciplined (?) by teachers who have the old idea that every child is irresponsible and must be watched closely or he will make trouble, and needless to say, there is a plenty of it. The rest of my time is in a school where the pupils govern themselves by the School Republic method, and there is practically no trouble.

"In the one school I have to give scarcely a thought to the matter of discipline. The boys are considerate of one another's rights; they are full of good cheer; they have learned to co-operate for every good purpose; they are thoroughly appreciative of every effort to aid them in getting an education; every ounce of effort on my part to aid them produces its full effect for good—not a word, not a motion is lost, everything counts for the greatest efficiency in constructive results. On the other hand, the boys who are accustomed to being governed by the iron-hand method will respond to nothing else; they cannot give the maximum attention to the subject matter—they do not know how—neither can I, and in consequence their effort and mine is largely wasted and a real financial loss to the community is the result."

sistently between now and the first of May. You're to keep a record, and points will be given for every pint of milk you drink, for the days you refrain from eating candy



## THE HANGING BELL

**A**NDY MILLER was the first to learn the

By EMMETT DUNN ANGELL

*"The Play Man"*

Author of *"Play, a Book of Games," "Cage Ball Book," "Real Games for Real Kids,"* etc.

astounding news and, as he raced from the radio room with messages for the captain, who happened to be his father, he was just bursting with the knowledge that he possessed; but being his father's son and somewhat familiar with the customs and etiquette of the sea, he knew that he must keep mum until the skipper himself chose to divulge the results of the conversation that he was carrying on through the air with some unknown person. For several hours "Sparks," the wireless operator, had been busy receiving and sending. His name wasn't really Sparks but every ship's wireless man is always called "Sparks," as every ship's carpenter is called "Chips." The excitement (whatever it was) had extended to the shore, for Jerry Deacon, the director of the Super-Splendid Motion Picture Corporation, had been rowed out to the ship several times. He would spend a few minutes with the captain and then rush back to shore, only to return in a very short time.

The youngsters wanted to ask questions but were too much awed to attempt it. Dip Streeter had asked some of the sailors what it was all about, but they were no better informed than he. There was nothing to do but wait.

"I bet it's an SOS," volunteered Jack, "and before you can shake a

stick we shall be getting up steam to go and save somebody from being shipwrecked."

"Shipwrecked—huh," scoffed Bert, "How could any ship be wrecked on a day like this? Why, there isn't even a ripple on the ocean!"

"That's right," agreed Jack, "but it might be a water spout or something like that."

One guess was as good as another, and the children, just bursting with curiosity, and grouped on the boat deck of the "Silver Bell," started expectantly each time that Andy emerged from the radio room and, with furrowed brow, rushed by them on his way to the captain's cabin. What wouldn't they give to know the message on each of the slips of yellow paper that Andy clutched so importantly?

It was just another big moment in the eventful cruise which had come so unexpectedly and brought so much romance and adventure into the lives of the village children. It had been a wonderful moment when Toppo, the retired circus clown, had moved into the little house on the edge of the town to become a maker of toys. He taught them games, and that brought Phyllis Rockly into the group, and it was just everybody's good luck that old Mr. Rockly was a director in a steamship company. All of these things

made it possible, when the village school-house burned, for the kindly old gentleman to invite the friends of his little granddaughter and their teacher, Miss Frazer, to take a trip into southern waters on the "Silver Bell." Of course, Toppo was included in the invitation, and he had accepted the responsibility of being the sea-going guardian of the jolly party, which included Jack and Carol Randolph, Bert and Elizabeth Lane, Dip Streeter, Fatty Wheeler, Mary Emily, Billy Foster, Andy Miller and Phyllis.

When, following the storm, the captain brought the ship to anchor for needed repairs, in the sheltering cove of an uninhabited island, they found to their delighted amazement that a big moving picture company had chosen this spot in which to make some of the scenes of "Black Ivory," a film dealing with the slave trade and piracy. It had been a delightful two days because Jerry Deacon, the director, was an old friend of Toppo. Fun on the beach, explorations into the jungle, and watching the actors perform before the camera, made the time fly. And games for all, at the end of the actor's working day, were such fun that the children felt no enthusiasm when Captain Miller announced that all the repairs had been made and the ship was ready to steam away. It was

nearly noon now and the "Silver Bell's" anchor was still deep down in the sand of the little harbor, and Andy Miller was the only one of the youngsters who really knew what was going on. Even his back-and-forth trips from radio room to the captain's cabin had ceased.

"I wonder why he doesn't come out again," said Carol, who found a certain satisfaction in watching Andy race across the deck with messages in his hand. After waiting for what seemed like hours, but was really only a few minutes, Jerry Deacon hurried out of the captain's room and into his boat to be rowed ashore. It was then that Andy came rushing out and his eyes sparkled as he shouted,

"I can tell you now! I can tell you now!"

There never was a better audience, as Andy explained the meaning of the busy hours in the radio room.

"We're going to stay here three days," he said. "Dad got a radio message from the New York office telling him to take the moving picture people to Panama. They had another ship coming for them, but when Mr. Deacon found that the "Silver Bell" was going to Panama anyway and it would save money, he just thought it would be great to have his company go on this ship. So, they've been sending messages back and







forth, and now it's all settled to take them."

"My, that's great!" shouted Dip, "but the practical-minded Mary Emily wanted to know where could a big crowd of people sleep.

"Oh, that's easy," explained Andy, with the air of one to whom executive problems were a mere trifle. "You see, all the lady stars will have our cabins, and then the movie people have lots of carpenters and they're coming on to-day to build sleeping quarters on the decks."

It is barely possible that older people might be annoyed if a voyage undertaken should be delayed, but there aren't many boys and girls in the world who would feel very much disappointed at the prospect of several days on a beautiful island in the tropics. Before the first boatload of carpenters had put off from the shore, the children were headed for the beach, planning busily all the different things that would fill the hours of the next few days. Toppo joined them in the middle of the afternoon, and for a couple of hours, dressed in bathing suits, they had a gay time in and out of the water.

"We're not going back to the ship for supper," Toppo told them, "for Jerry Deacon has invited all of us to have chow with him to-night."

"Um!" was Dip's expression of approval. "We're in for some good eats, and I know it, for I've been down to the cook's shanty. The cook's a friend of mine," he added proudly.

"Hm, is that so?" said Toppo. "That explains your trips down in that direction. I'll have to say that you use judgment in picking your friends."

Dip's indorsement of the camp cook was approved by all of them when they sat around the loaded tables in the beautiful coconut grove, and Fatty Wheeler assured anybody who was willing to listen that he would just as soon be a movie actor if they always "had grub like that."

Darkness comes quickly in the tropics, and soon after the sun dropped below the rim of the horizon, a big bonfire was lighted.

"You haven't run out of games, have you, Toppo?" demanded Jerry Deacon.

"No, you never catch me napping," laughed

(Continued on page 311)



## How Many Kinds of Birds Can You Draw?

**S**PRING-TIME brings back the birds. How busy they are—building nests, catching worms for their little ones, hopping about on the lawn and in the trees—and singing!

How many different kinds of birds can you recognize? Perhaps you learn about them in school. Can you draw them in their proper colors? Try it and see. With CRAYOLA Crayons you can draw the best pictures of birds—the robin with his red breast, the graceful swallow in his dress of black and white, the bluebird with his brilliant wings, or the saucy sparrow in his coat of brown and gray. All can be made so true to life, with the bright, clear colors of CRAYOLA.

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## THE ADVENTURE OF THE SEVEN KEYHOLES

### WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Grandpa Fairfax had willed a big brass key to Barbara—a big brass key to seven mysterious keyholes in the dilapidated Fairfax mansion on Pine Point. The most important of these was the seventh keyhole, according to the will, and his granddaughter must find them all herself. Barbara had a hard time evading Kit and Kat, the inquisitive Carroll twins, when she started on her search. She thought at first that she had succeeded, but just as she found the first keyhole and was about to open it, she turned and saw them hanging over one of the window ledges and grinning teasingly at her. When they finally left her, she turned the key and drew out a letter from Grandpa Fairfax. In this he explained that she would not fully understand the quest on which he had sent her until she reached the seventh keyhole. On her next visit to the old mansion, she found the second keyhole in her grandfather's old secretary desk. In this there was another letter, telling her that the old desk was not only a very valuable antique but had once been the property of the famous hero of the Revolution, General Greene. The third keyhole disclosed another valuable relic—an original sketch made by Eli Whitney of his famous invention, the cotton gin of which Barbara was very proud. After another search she located the fourth keyhole but discovered that she had lost her precious key. The Carroll twins, whom she suspected just at first, denied all knowledge of its whereabouts. Provoked and disappointed, she was wandering through the old mansion when she came across the fifth keyhole.

### PART VI

IN THE astonishment of this new discovery, Barbara forgot all about her grimy hands and began dancing about and clapping them in the joy of finding the keyholes. But suddenly she stopped and thought with a return to seriousness,

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded Up House," "Melissa-Across-the-Fence," "The Girl Next Door," "When a Cobbler Ruled a King," etc.

"It's all very well to be happy over this, but, after all, what's the good of another keyhole when

I haven't got the key to any of them any more? Two new keyholes—and not a thing to open them with! Oh, me! Grandpa never dreamed I'd be so careless and lose the key. What *would* he say to me if he knew?"

But even as she considered this, she remembered what he would be likely to say. He had said it at other times when she had got into difficulties. It would probably be something like this:

"Don't get excited, little Barbara. Things are never quite so bad as they seem. Just do the next thing that it seems reasonable and sensible to do and something helpful will surely turn up."

Yes, he would probably say just that. She could almost hear him. Then she looked again at her grimy hands and concluded that the next thing would be to get them washed—and as speedily as possible. As it was growing late (she had spent more time in her search than she had realized) and as it would probably be a somewhat complicated piece of work to start the pump, even if she could find what she wanted in the way of a pitcher, she decided to run on back to her aunt's house, holding out her hands from her dress all the way, and get them washed there. By then it would probably be time to assist in getting supper anyway. And so she did. And true to the quaint philosophy of her old grandfather,





something helpful did turn up—and that very night.

The Carroll twins were very indignant with her—that was evident. Before supper, when she was sitting on the back veranda shelling peas and they were rocking on the seesaw in the back yard, they turned their heads away and would not so much as notice her presence. And at the table, though Kit sat directly next to her, he chattered incessantly with Kat on his other side and threw never so much as a single word in her direction.

"Well, it isn't surprising," thought Barbara, "after what I said to them. I shouldn't have done it, I suppose, but I really did think they'd taken it to tease me." Her chin quivered a bit and she could hardly keep the tears from her eyes, nevertheless, at this open break with them.

After supper, Kit and Kat went off by themselves down to the river and got into their little rowboat for a paddle about in the shallow water near the shore. Their mother allowed them to do this, for the river at that point was considered perfectly safe, even if they should happen to tumble overboard, the water being nowhere deeper than their shoulders. Usually they begged Barbara to accompany them in this evening row, but to-night they pointedly left her out.

She came down and sat on the dock after she had helped dry the dishes in the kitchen, and watched them squabbling over who should row. Kat had the oars—had had them evidently for some time—and Kit thought it his turn by every right. He had gotten up from his seat in the stern and was standing in front of Kat, trying to force her to change places with him—a thing Barbara would never have allowed had she been in the boat—when an unexpected thing happened. A motor speed-boat shot round the curve in the shore and appeared to be making straight for the little rowboat now in mid-stream. It did not quite touch it, but came so close that the rollers in its wake set the rowboat rocking violently. And, completely capsized by the unexpected motion, Kit, unaware of the danger that

they were in, was hurled headlong into the water.

Barbara sprang up from her seat on the dock with an anxious little cry, fully expecting, however, to see Kit emerge, soaked but laughing, and wade ashore. Nothing of the kind happened. Instead, a struggling form was half visible for a moment and then went under again. And Barbara knew that Kit had either struck his head and been rendered unconscious, or had lost his nerve through fright and had forgotten that he could wade ashore by putting his

feet down. In either case his danger was equally great.

Kat was crying now, hysterically, and wringing her hands. But Barbara had lost not a moment in leaping into the water, just as she was, and striking out with her strong little stroke to swim for Kit. No one else had seen the catastrophe, as all the older folks were clustered about the piano in the house, sociably singing. It would have been useless to call for help.

The next time Kit came to the surface, Barbara clutched him and dragged him forcibly ashore. It was the work of but a moment. Then she

called to Kat to row ashore also and cheerfully assured her that her brother was all right. This proved to be entirely correct, for when Kit had sufficiently recovered his breath, he acknowledged that he had been so frightened by the unexpected ducking that he forgot entirely the fact that he could have put his feet down and walked ashore. He had straightway imagined he was floundering in water far above his head, had swallowed about a quart of it and, after that, couldn't remember anything much.

Suddenly he seemed to realize that it was Barbara who had rescued him from his predicament and he turned to her with a face full of contrition. In a voice, still somewhat choked from the salt water he had swallowed, he stammered:

"You're awful good to me, Barbara, after—after the way we acted this afternoon! We wouldn't have acted so—only you did make us kind of mad. We—we found the old key—the other day, in the path



through the woods. We didn't know it was your key but we thought it looked something like yours. So we made it up that *we* were going to play a game about a key too and tease you about it. We—we hid it in a knot hole in that old big cedar tree in front of the old house and—and we were going to take you there sometime and pretend to find it—and do something with it like you were doing with yours. Then you—you came this afternoon and—and asked had we taken your key out of your pocket and that made us mad. But even then, if you'd waited a minute we would have told you about what we'd found—only you didn't wait and ran off without saying anything. And then—then we made it up we just wouldn't speak to you or tell you a single thing about it—till we got good and ready!"

Kit gulped and shivered and laid a little wet paw in Barbara's equally moist fingers. "Please forgive me, Barbara? You—you saved my life! I sure thought I was going to drown. I'm so sorry I was mean to you."

But Barbara only squeezed his hand and answered, "It's all right, Kit. I didn't do anything but drag you out of shallow water. And *I* was mean to accuse you of taking that key out of my pocket. Let's forget it all. And you hurry up and run in the house and get to bed before you have a chill!"

It was a very happy Barbara who hurried away next afternoon, as soon as her aunt had found time to let her go. In a knot hole of the old cedar tree, close to the roots, she found the key lying not far down from the surface. And quicker than it takes to tell it, she had sped to the house and was down on the floor by the old bookcase, opening the fourth keyhole.

But it was with a feeling of keen disappointment that she sat and surveyed the contents of the shallow little drawer that her grandfather had evidently fashioned to conceal the fifth mystery. There it lay before her, but instead of being something new and strange and deeply interesting, it was none

other than a rather tattered old copy of Dickens's "*David Copperfield*" that she and her grandfather had been accustomed to read aloud together. When she had last seen it, the covers had been half falling off and a number of the pages torn and crumpled. Now it was neatly repaired, the covers pasted on, the pages mended and the pictures replaced firmly in the places where they belonged. Evidently he had spent not a little time in restoring the poor old book to something like a presentable condition.

"But what," exclaimed Barbara aloud, "did he hide this away for and use it as one of the secrets? I can't understand it." Then she rummaged about in the drawer to see if he had left the usual explanatory letter. But he hadn't, nor was there any concealed in the pages of the book. Barbara was deeply mystified. "I can't understand it," she thought, "But he must have meant *something*—he wouldn't have put it there without *any* meaning. That would be too silly. I'll just leave it and go to explore the other keyhole. Perhaps I'll find something that tells about it there."

She left the book where it was and hurried to the little kitchen, losing no time in unlocking the keyhole labelled "5." This one opened a long and narrow doorway in the woodwork, revealing what seemed to be the tiniest and narrowest of closets or receptacles that she had ever seen. It was not more than four feet high and only about six inches in width and depth—most singular little affair. Grandpa had plainly hewed it out himself, fashioning the closet in the little space between the door of the kitchen and that of the larger closet. Here again Barbara experienced a pang of disappointment, for standing in the narrow space was only Grandpa's cane, the one with a hooked handle, that he used when he took his infrequent walks abroad. Neither was there a note nor a single word of explanation with it.

Barbara took it out and examined it dejectedly. Yes, it was just the cane he had always used, nothing new or queer about it. She thought perhaps



(Continued on page 309)



## Tommy and the Dream Goblin

**T**OMMY had a toothache. And he couldn't eat any dinner. So off he went to bed, hungry as could be. I guess that's what made him dream. And next morning at breakfast, Tommy told Mother all about it.

"I remember it just as plain," he said. "I was all ready to eat a nice big dinner, and just then . . . the Goblin came. He was awfully funny looking, but he was nasty, too. He grabbed my dinner away, and started to run, and I jumped up and chased after him. He ran into a big, dark woods, and I ran right after him. It was scary. He'd keep looking over his shoulder and laughing at me, and singing . . . 'You didn't take care of your teeth. Ho! Ho!' he'd laugh, 'now you can't eat any more. Now you can't eat any more.' Then all of a sudden, while he was running and looking back at me, he bumped into a tree and fell. Bang! went the dishes—and then I woke up. I'm certainly glad it was only a dream, because it wouldn't be nice not to have good things to eat any more, would it?"

You can avoid toothache if you take care of your teeth. But you must clean them thoroughly, as Mother tells you. And you should eat lots of crisp, crunchy foods. The big doctors and dentists say that crisp foods are fine for the teeth and gums. They exercise them and make them strong and healthy, keeping them from decaying and hurting you.

Grape-Nuts is a crisp food that is so good to eat you can hardly wait for mealtime. It is great for your teeth and gums, and it also makes you big and strong and healthy. You ask your Mother to get you some.

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fluenced by the exercise, or lack of exercise, given to the jaws. And Grape-Nuts encourages the proper exercise and development of the jaws. But Grape-Nuts gives even greater advantages to growing children.

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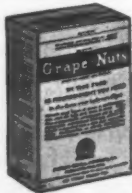
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## LESSON No. 3

**G**OOD morning, Cooks! Did you like your cream of spinach soup? To be sure you did! You liked it so well that you have made it three or four times since then, haven't you?

So many of our girls and boys have written us postal cards to tell us that they like cooking. If you have not already sent yours, send it now so you can be enrolled in the Child Life Kitchen. Wouldn't it be fun if we could all get together and see how businesslike we all look? Clean, white aprons, freshly washed hands and faces, tidy finger nails and well kept notebooks make us look very nice, even though we are not all in one room where we can see each other.

The first thing in this month's cooking lesson is a riddle. I hope you are good at guessing, for here it is:

When is cooking *not* cooking?

You guessed that right away. Yes, the answer is, "When it is salad making." Now though salad making is a very important part of cooking, it isn't really truly cooking at all, for salad is eaten raw. But it has to be prepared very carefully and served exactly right. So it is a kind of cooking, even though it isn't done on a stove.

We are making orange salad to-day and we are going to make it so perfectly that we can serve it for the family luncheon or for Sunday evening tea. Maybe we shall make it several times—practice makes perfect, you know.

"How did you ever think up anything as good as orange salad?" asks somebody.

That's easy to answer. It's our business to know what people like to eat and

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectives," etc.

when they want it. And almost everyone knows that oranges taste very, very fine in the springtime. You know

how it is, some days are so hot you don't feel hungry—eat an orange and you want more. Or maybe it's dark and rainy—one of those cold spring rains that make the tulips bow clear down to the ground. That's the very time for the cook to get out her oranges, for their color is so sunny and cheerful and their taste so refreshing.

So you see, it's very important that, for our third lesson, Child Life Cooks shall learn to make something from oranges. Moreover, they must learn to peel oranges so skillfully that they can always do it without the least muss or bother.

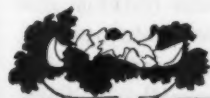
Perhaps it would be a good idea to practice peeling oranges before we actually start making salad. We are planning for six people to-day, so we shall need three oranges. We shall peel those first; then write the recipe and make the salad afterward.

First, wash hands very carefully, with especial attention to the cleaning of nails. The cook who works with oranges should be very dainty and neat.

With a tin spoon, cut a circle the size of a nickel in the stem end of an

orange. If there is no tin spoon handy, use a thin silver spoon or a dull silver knife. But a tin spoon is best. Take away this circle of peel and

(Continued on page 301)



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## **THE BEST BOUQUETS**

(Continued from page 280)

Every child had a part in the play, and some of the older boys and girls, and even a few grown-ups. Senda Smith's big sister was queen of the May because she was so pretty. Micky was Robin Goodfellow, because his quaint little brown face was just the kind Robin must wear. He was the flowers' guardian fairy, and he looked after them well, reaching out from the bushes to knock off hands that picked too many blossoms.

Dolly was a buttercup. She went dancing through the green meadows, and you could pick all her blossoms if you wanted to and if you could catch her long enough. But Dick was a purple lady-slipper. You must only pick one of his slippers, to take home to show your grandmother. All the rest of the family must walk out into the pine woods to see the magic purple slippers for themselves.

The party was fun and the flower show was fun. It lasted all summer and included all sorts of flowers, from the shad and violets on Jack's hill to the fairylike Arethusa orchids in Senda Smith's swamp, and the ghost-like Indian pipes that Rosa Romano discovered right near the Lincoln Cabin. Rosie was very proud when her entry got on the honor roll.

"The best bouquets are certainly the growing ones," said Dolly, when the flower season was over. "I never knew there were such pretty places around here and I guess nobody else did. But if we've enjoyed it, just think how happy it's made the flowers!"

## CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

(Continued from page 299)

pick off the white pith underneath.

Now with your thumbs, loosen the peeling down the sides of the orange—loosen it in about five strips and gradually push the peeling away till you get down and down and down the sides, and the orange lies like a ball in a loose jacket of peeling.

Lift the orange entirely out of the peeling and then pick off every bit of the white pith. That wasn't hard, was it? With practice you can learn to do it without making one drop of juice or even dampening your fingers. Try again with the second orange and then the third and by that time you will do it very well.

Put the oranges on a plate in a cool place; wash your hands and put the peelings in the garbage and you are ready for the main part of the lesson.

## ORANGE SALAD

Peel and chill 3 oranges.

Wash and pick over one head of lettuce. Put the leaves in a cloth bag for an hour. This will make them firm and crisp.

Measure into a small bowl: 1 teaspoonful of sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful of paprika,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of salad oil,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful of white vinegar or lemon juice.

Put in ice box to chill.

When fifteen minutes before mealtime arrives, get out six salad plates and arrange the lettuce leaves on them in the shape of little nests.

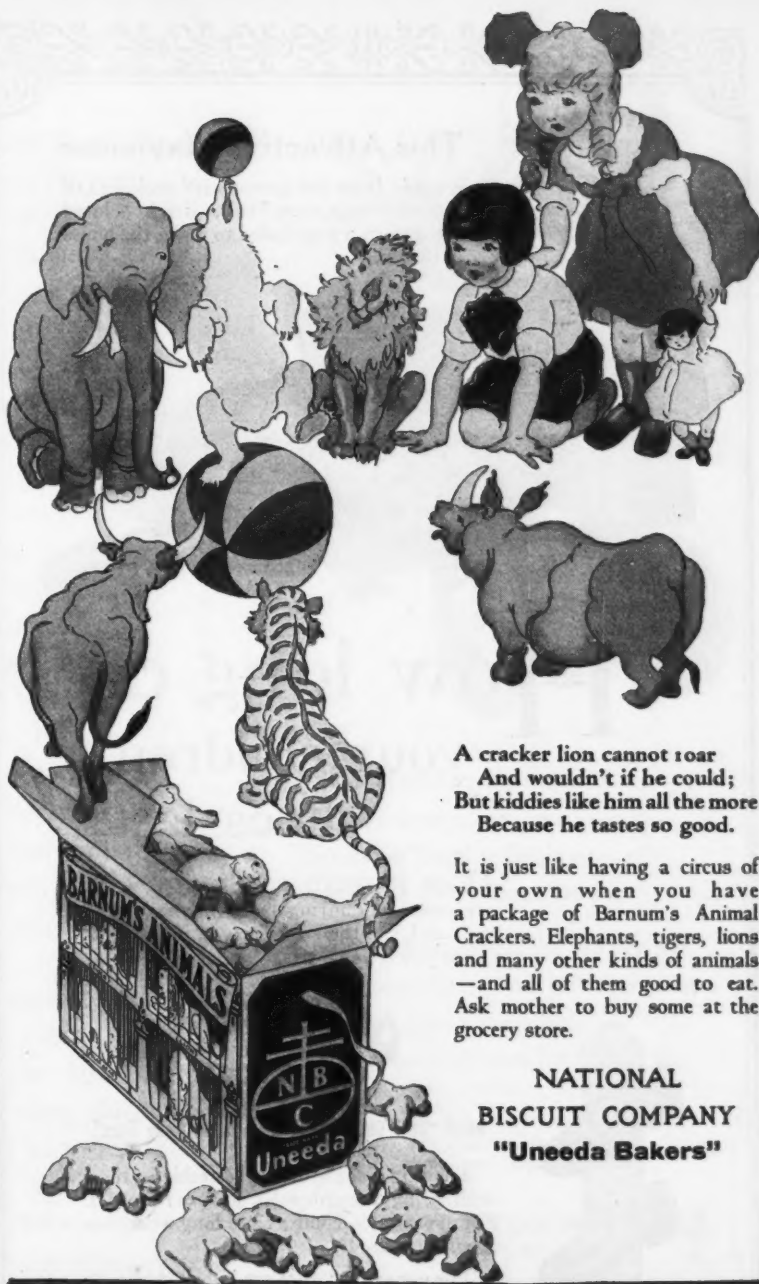
If Mother allows you to use a knife, cut the oranges in thin slices and put half an orange on each nest. If Mother would rather you did not use a sharp knife, separate each orange into sections, without breaking, and arrange  $\frac{1}{2}$  of each orange on each lettuce nest just the same as if the sections were slices.

Stir the dressing till the oil is well mixed and, with a spoon, dip it over each plate of salad. Divide the  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful as equally as you can among your six plates.

Serve at once with salt crackers or cheese wafers.

Do not forget to copy the recipe (the part that is in different type) into your notebook, so you will be sure to have it handy next time you want to make salad. The dressing recipe is very important, for you can use it for many kinds of salad.

Now who will be the first to write a postal card to the Child Life Kitchen to tell us about orange salad?



A cracker lion cannot roar  
And wouldn't if he could;  
But kiddies like him all the more  
Because he tastes so good.

It is just like having a circus of your own when you have a package of Barnum's Animal Crackers. Elephants, tigers, lions and many other kinds of animals—and all of them good to eat. Ask mother to buy some at the grocery store.

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Herbert Minshall, 4258 Hawk St., San Diego, California, age 12.

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Amaler, Corwin	Casey, Betty
Armstrong, Mary E.	Cowing, Frances
Armstrong, Ralph	Carmichael, Mary
Andersen, Elnor J.	Elizabeth
Adams, Margaret	Cisel Keen
Isabelle T. Adie	Crosley, Virginia
Appleton, Nathalie	Carr, Lois J.
Abbott, Olive	Chapman, Lucille
Ackerman, Ruth	Capen, Jane
Astleford, Catherine	Clark, Anne
Angstman, Eberill	Cleveland, Albert
Abel, Vera	Clark, Alto
Adams, Vivian	Cooperider, Leota
Anderson, Rosamond	Currier, David
Alexander, Paul	Coffman, Frances
Arts, Maxine	Cillis, Haberta
Anderson, Ruth	Callaway, Clara
Adams, Margaret	Campbell, Ruth
Ayer, Barbara	Chandler, Susan
Ahrnke, Elizabeth	Cheek, Betty
Adams, Frances	Cowan, Betty
Ashley, Juanita	Collier, Mary H.
Ataway, Emily	Campbell, Hester
Amie, Griffith	Clementa, Janet
Alfdrige, William G.	Casel, Carolyn
Brown, Betty	Clarke, Catherine
Rolina, Jean E.	Carry, Florence
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Beekman, Helen	Clark, Barbara
Busey, Virginia	Cobb, Rose M.
Brewer, Ethel	Curd, June
Bartley, Katharine S.	Cole, Janet
Hardin, Hetty	Crane, Milton
Brewer, Juliet	Christian, Bobbie
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Rowman, Mary E.	Connell, Sarah
Buser, Alberta	Clapham, Jack
Blood, Forrest A.	Claydon, Carlton
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Brown, Helen	Cromey, Phillip
Brune, Lennart H.	Craig, Ora
Berlin, Jean	Clair, Mabel
Barry, Betty	Clark, Betty
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Bennett, Mary A.	Carruthers, John
Remis, Barbara F.	Copps, Dorothy
Bills, Thelma	Carlucci, Crescent
Righam, Mary Belle	Comper, Helen J.
Boyer, Lenore E.	Chase, Barbara
Bump, Jr., Milan R.	Curtis, Billie
Boose, Barbara	Corson, Margaret
Baker, Sybil	Chapman, Anna L.
Baker, Betty	Curd, Margaret H.
Riaddin, Mary	Cornish, Beryl
Bradford, Joseph	Davenport, Joan
Brinard, Albert	Drake, Freda
Brothers, Mary L.	Dawson, Helen
Bindloss, Elizabeth	Depew, Betty
Burgett, Mary Alice	Davis, Irene
Boudreau, Barbara	Darnes, Aline
Bastar, Eunice	Delano, Margaret
Britton, Betty	Dubois, Anita
Bedson, Eugenia	Durio, Ena
Beyer, Betty	Duncan, Irene
Baker, Bobby	Donahue, Ruth E.
Brown, Helen	Dutton, Barbara
Brown, Florence	D'Olier, Betty
Bauman, Ruth	Doud, Lucia E.
Bearman, Jane	Deem, Billy
Baird, Martha	Denune, Wilbur
Bernhardt, Dorothy	Downing, Eugene
Bolger, M. Louise	Oller, Barbara
Butman, Florence	Dean, Betty
Bowly, Nancy	Dickenson, Wilk
Buise, Loren	Dunaway, Mary
Rumadge, Adrian	Daniel, Robert
Bruyn, Mary	Davis, Dorothy I.
Barnes, Esther	Day, Anne F.
Belden, Harrison	Doty, Peggy
Bedford, Vona	Denning, Frances
Burnham, Myrtle	Duneth, Ellen
Brown, Margaret	De Bow, Shirley
Blaisdell, Warren	Downs, J. R.
Boutelle, Mary Alice	Daesch, Patay
Blood, Elizabeth	Daesch, Marjorie
Becker, Karin	Doyle, Margaret
Bibbee, Helen	Danilo, George
Bannister, Elizabeth	Drum, Miriam
Beasley, Annette	Doggett, Teusa B.
Boosey, Pearl	Dearden, Elizabeth J.
Burn, Barbara	Dewey, Martha
Burnham, Alfrido	Dolbear, Virginia
Brinn, Lenore	David, Janis
Boyles, Charles D.	Eberly, Marion
Bradford, Charlene	Elston, Elizabeth
Black, Dorothy V.	Emerson, James
Bucher, Genevieve	Eberhard, Elizabeth
Booker, Ruth	
Baufeld, Hope	
Burkholder, Clarice	

Continued in June CHILD LIFE

## DIZZY LIZZIE IN CRACKO-CRAZENIA

(Continued from page 285)

She was very anxious that he should be lively when he got there, so she was taking the greatest care not to hurt him. A wily old cat, accustomed to city life and city dangers, she was not greatly terrified at being chased by a dog. Yet she had no intention of being caught—nor of dropping the Professor.

She looked behind her as she ran. And realizing that Marie Louise's dog was gaining on her, she turned into a barnyard, sprang up a ladder (still with the Professor in her mouth), and scaled the roof of the barn right to the ridge. There, she knew quite well, the dog would be unable to follow her.

The farmer's wife was just coming out of the barn from milking the cows when Marie Louise, Aggripina, Bill and the Professor's daughter ran into the yard in pursuit of the dog who was chasing the cat. While the cat calmly sat on the peak of the roof and the dog ran furiously around the barn, barking, Marie Louise explained to the farmer's wife what the trouble was.

It appeared that the cat belonged to this farm. But in spite of all her calling and cajoling with saucers of milk, the farmer's wife could not make the cat come down. Meanwhile poor Professor Foozle was waving his arms in the air, frantically yelling for assistance at the top of his small voice.

*In CHILD LIFE next month Marie Louise goes to the Professor's rescue. Then comes her crazy adventure at the banquet of Pussywillow Pishlush.*



## WEE MOTHER MARTHA

LEROY F. JACKSON

**W**EE Mother Martha is five years old,  
She tends to the baby without being told,  
She washes his face and she brushes his hair  
And tucks up his tie with the greatest of care,  
She shakes out his shoes when the stickers get in  
And buttons him up with a safety pin.



**Y**OU all will love the Tinker Clown,  
He tumbles up—he tumbles down  
He's just as bright as bright can be  
Just like all Tinker Toys, you see.

And Row-ly Boat you will like too  
Just pull him—and he'll row for you  
He's quite a sturdy little boy  
I know you'll want this Tinker Toy.

*Send for the Tinker Toy  
jingle folder. It tells about  
both new toys and old.*



**The TOY TINKERS, Inc.**  
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS



\$5

FOR EVERY LETTER  
SELECTED

Subject—

My problem in making  
the children drink milk

HAVE you a child of the pre-school age? Has it been difficult to keep that child drinking milk?

Nestlé's Food Co. would like to hear about your problem.

The report is that many pre-school children dislike milk, "hate" it—that many more cannot digest it.

Various mothers have urged us to tell how Nestlé's Milk Food can be prepared as a food-drink for run-abouts, how its cereal content gives the milk greater nutritive value, how its special processing makes it wonderfully delicious and digestible.

Before we proceed, we want to hear from more mothers. What is your problem in making the children drink milk? Are you looking for some way to keep this indispensable food on their diet? Would Nestlé's Milk Food help?

Just write us a letter. Make it 100 to 400 words long. If we can use your letter, we will pay you \$5. Your name will not be published, if you so desire. All letters must be in by May 30th. Please address yours to the Medical Dept. Nestlé's Food Co., 130 William St., New York.

*Nestlé's Milk Food*

Do you want to try this universally used milk-food drink? If so,—

Just clip, fill in, and mail this coupon. We will send, free, our folder containing diet suggestions for the pre-school age, also a regular 35c package of Nestlé's Milk Food. Try this well-known milk food-drink at our expense. Send the coupon now.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD CO.  
130 William St., New York.

Mail this coupon today and we will send you free a 35c package of Nestlé's Milk Food, and our Mother Book, and "Diet Suggestions for Pre-school and Run-about Age."

Name .....

Address .....



## THE HORSE

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

WHEN I give him sugar lumps,  
He rubs my sleeve and thanks  
me.

And when he lopes too hard, he  
bumps,  
And when he trots, he spansks me!

## A SONG OF COWS

NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

SING a song of milk-pails,  
Shining in the sun;  
Sing a song of tinkling bells  
When the day is done.  
Tinkle, tinkle all along,  
Down the grassy lane;  
Cropping here and browsing there,  
Bessy, Bell and Jane.

Limpid eyes of velvet-brown,  
Horns of ivory light,  
Tasseled tails and glossy flanks,  
Muzzles soft and white,  
See their wide-eyed simple gaze,  
Taste their breath and know  
All the livelong day they've fed  
Where the grasses grow.

Sing a song of clover,  
Pink as any rose.  
Bessy, Bell and Jenny know  
Where it sweetest shows.  
Come along, then, mooly-cows,  
Here are Dick and Ned  
Waiting with your new-mown hay  
In the milking-shed!





## CARELESS CREATURES' COLUMN



## THE INTERRUPTING OWLET

HELEN COWLES LeCRON

WHEN Mother Owl and Father Owl are talking busily About old Uncle Blinker in the gnarled old maple tree, Or Cousin Drowsy Hoot-Owl in the oak across the way, Or stylish Old Miss Snowy Owl, I much regret to say That naughty little Downy often interrupts the two To ask them, "Who'd you say it was? Say! WHO, Pa? WHO, Ma? WHO?"

Though Mother Owl has told him that the question's impolite, And little owls should never interrupt on *any* night When parents talk, it doesn't seem to do a bit of good! For Downy still continues, as no thoughtful owlet would, With "WHO, Pa? Who, Ma? Who'd you say?" and "Tell me, folks! Aw! Do!" And "WHO'D you say it was? Aw, Ma! Say! WHO, Pa? WHO, Ma? WHO—OO?"

## Parents—

## What Plans Have You Made For Your Children's Summer Vacation?

ARE you going to take advantage of all the opportunities offered for them to rebuild their bodies after nine long months of school?

Are you making every effort to send them back to school in the fall in perfect physical condition?

The solution to this problem is a season in an approved summer camp. Your children will find there every chance to develop the qualities you want them to have.

During the camp season they will be given supervised instruction in outdoor and indoor sports and games of all kinds.

Hiking  
Horseback riding  
Woodcraft  
Dramatics  
Dancing  
Arts and Crafts  
Cruising  
Gymnastics

Pageants  
Canoe trips  
Music  
Radio  
Life-saving  
Camp fires  
Manual training  
All water sports

The value of a good camp greatly depends upon the character and motives of its directors. There are many splendid American camps which are supervised by progressive men and women of high moral and educational ideals, whose primary aim is to make these organizations beneficial to their young campers, physically, mentally and spiritually.

The CHILD LIFE Camp Service deals only with those directors whose camps are in every way suitable for CHILD LIFE children and with the parents who want to know about the best and most helpful camps for their children.

The Camp Service of  
CHILD LIFE

The CHILD LIFE Camp Directory on pages 288 and 289 has been instituted to accommodate, by intelligent advice, the parents of children between the ages of six and twelve, and to recommend to them its approved camps. The CHILD LIFE Camp Service is in close touch with those camps throughout the country which have the finest junior groups. It is at the disposal of all parents who need sound, careful guidance in this all-important choice. When writing for information please state the age and sex of each child, the approximate amount you wish to spend, and what vicinity you have in mind for their vacation.

## Address

R. L. BROWN, Director  
Bureau of Education  
**CHILD LIFE**

536 S. Clark Street Chicago

# YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

*Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.*



ALL of the paper-dolls were excited. Their May Queen was to be chosen. Each had received a tiny flower invitation that read, "Come and bring your three newest frocks to the Pasteboard Inn, at exactly eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

Patricia put her dresses in a paper envelope and started very early. When she arrived, not another paper doll was there. Half past eight, nine o'clock, and now the other dolls began to come.

When they were all present, a fairy voice said, "Be still; stop rustling, while I announce your queen." It became very quiet, and the voice continued, "It is Patricia, for she was the only paper-doll here on time. Furthermore, all of her dresses are made from CHILD LIFE patterns. We could never have a queen with dresses made from any other."

Oh, how the other dolls wished they had been on time, and that their dresses had been made from CHILD LIFE patterns!

Are you going to be a little May Queen? Then always remember to be on time, and to have YOUR dresses made from CHILD LIFE patterns.

Pattern No. 4918, sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years.

Pattern No. 5008, sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years.

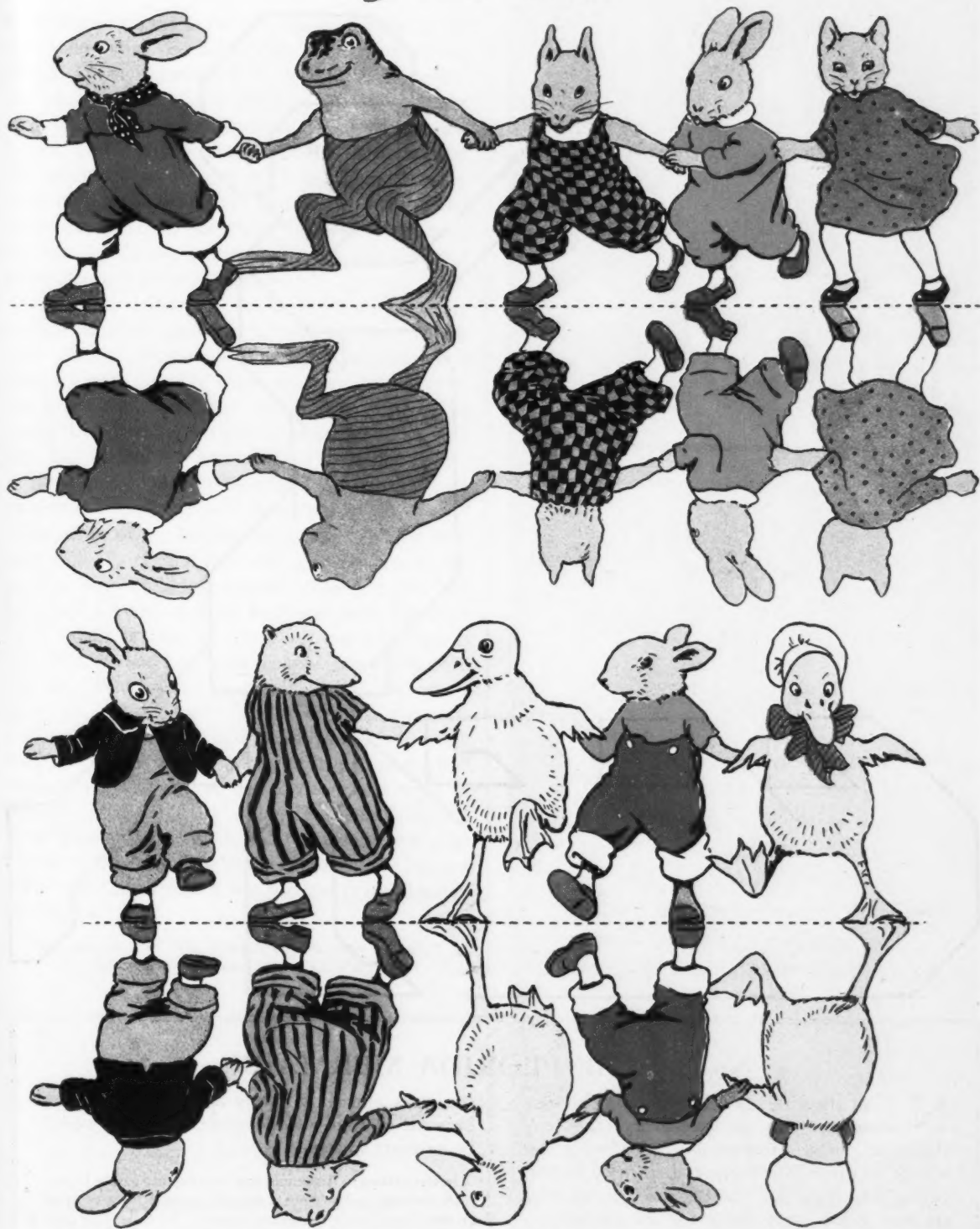
Pattern No. 4907, sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years.

Patterns are 20 cents each.

We are always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask, if she will send a stamped self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Pattern Department, care Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

# The Whirly Go Round

By Elinor d'Albert



## DIRECTIONS

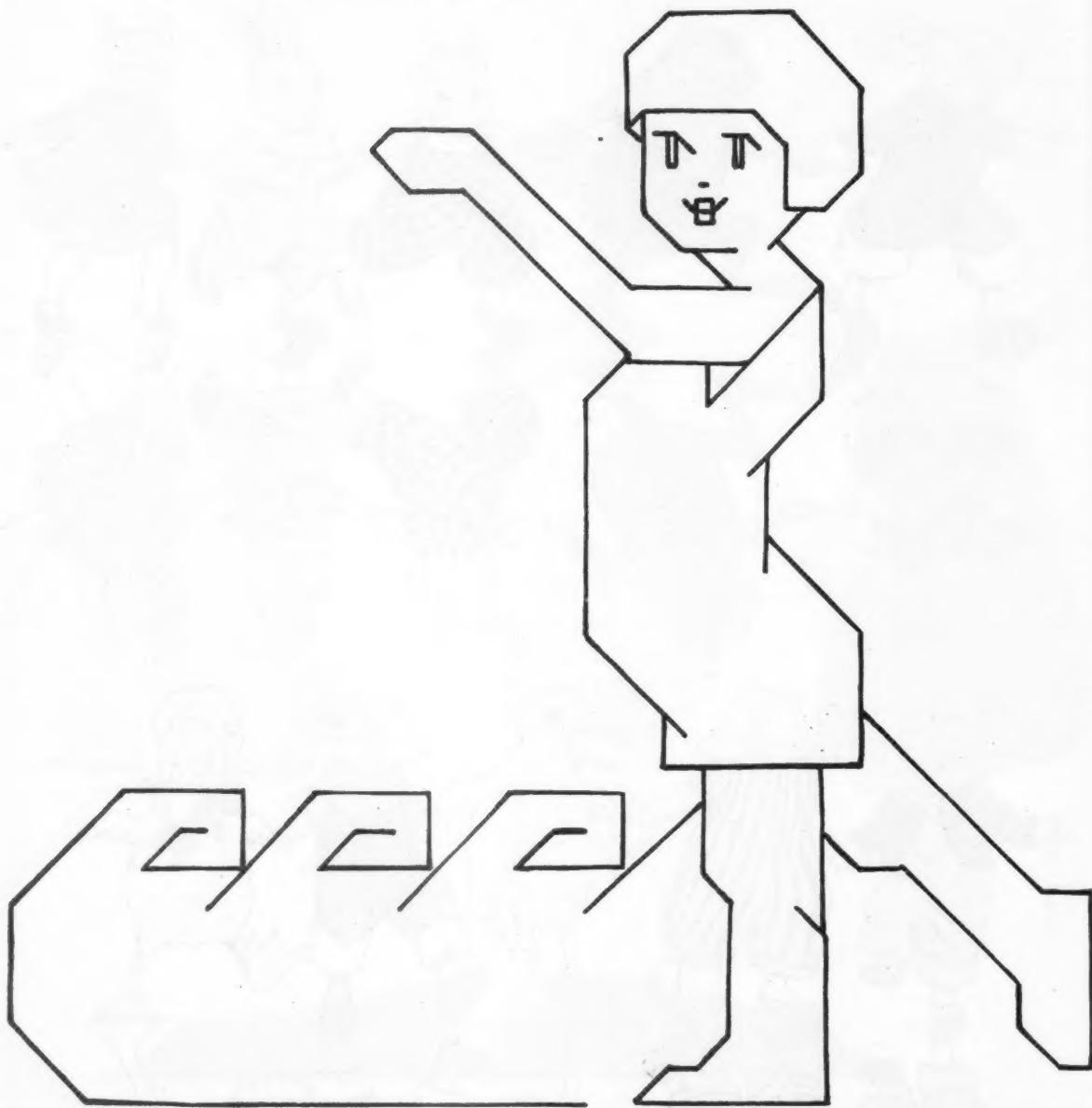
CUT the page in two, across the center. Fold each half *exactly* on the dotted line, paste together, back to back and press under a heavy book. Put a lollipop stick, or skewer, through a spool of thread, and into a potato cut in half to make a firm base. Punch a hole in the center of a piece of cardboard, about six inches square, and

slip it over the stick. Cut out the little animals carefully, curve them gently into a circle, and paste together the hands of those at the ends. Stand them on the platform and wind the thread on an empty spool to make them turn. Then you will see them dance, just as you and your friends do, when you wind the Maypole.



# THE CHILD LIFE QUILT No. 8

Designed by RUBY SHORT McKIM



## No. 8. THE FLORIDA MERMAID

**N**OT all the CHILD LIFE Quiltie children, coming as they do from every quarter of this great, broad land of ours, could wear this sort of costume all the year. But if we let this young lady stand for Florida, she will not need an extra stitch—only those that are marked.

We have some mighty sunny looking little Joy Givers from down Florida way, so we extend a ready welcome to this sturdy bathing beauty. You had better hurry and transfer her before

she dives into those funny conventional waves, because all that would probably be left would be a square splash!

**Instructions:** To change the drawing into a quilt block, trace through carbon onto a smoothly-ironed piece of muslin that is cut about ten inches square. To make sure that your lines will trace perfectly true, use a ruler to mark along. After you have traced the pattern onto the muslin, you can work it in simple outline stitch, any color you may choose for your quilt. There are twenty drawings in all, just enough for a child's quilt.

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE SEVEN KEYHOLES

(Continued from page 297)

there might be some secret trick about it, some spring she could press or well-hidden opening down its length, so she examined every inch of it critically. But nothing of that sort could be found. And the only new things she discovered about it were the letters "H. C." dimly engraved on a little silver band that encircled it a short way below the handle. They had probably always been there but she had never happened to see them before. They were not her grandfather's initials. That was the only thing of which she was certain.

Here was, indeed, a mystery. Two perfectly familiar articles concealed in this curious manner must mean something—something unusual and interesting, if she only could discover what it was. She knew her grandfather too well to suppose he would do this thing without a meaning. The very fact that he had left no note with them must point to the supposition that he intended to make it all clear later. Evidently she must wait.

But what of the last two keyholes? Where were they to be found and how was she to obtain a clue to their possible hiding places? The first four had been in the living room or what was really his work room—there or near it. This last one had been in the kitchen, another room closely connected with his life. Why wasn't it possible that the others might be in here, too? She sat down at the little kitchen table where he had taken his meals to think it over. And as she sat staring at it, just as if it had popped out and tapped her between the eyes to demand attention, she suddenly realized that a little familiar diamond shaped brass plate was staring her in the face, right in the drawer of the kitchen table, and that beside it was a paper presenting the tiny figure "6."

(The conclusion of "The Adventure of the Seven Keyholes" will appear in the June issue of Child Life.)



## A MAY BASKET

LILIAN BAYNE WEST

A ROBIN has flown away up in the tree!  
And what do you think that he's hung there for me?

A basket of birdies, all fluffy and wee,  
For it's May Day! It's May Day! It's May Day,  
you see!

LET MUNSINGWEAR COVER YOU WITH SATISFACTION



Underwear **MUNSING** Hosiery  
Wear

For  
Every Member  
Of The Family

Infants' Vests, Binders, Tab Bands,  
Double-Breasted Wrappers.  
Infants' Hosiery in silk, wool, mer-  
cerized lisle, and cotton. Correct  
underwear and hosiery in a great  
variety of fabrics and in every  
wanted style and size for  
men, women and children.

THE QUALITY  
ASSURES COMFORT  
and SERVICE

Sold only by Retail  
Merchants



THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION  
MINNEAPOLIS



## "Will that be all today, Mrs. Jones?"

Mrs. Jones thought hard for a moment or two. "Well," said she, "I have the butter, and the bread, and the milk—and oh, yes, I almost forgot the Postum. The milk made me think of it. You see, I always make Postum with milk for the children."

"I like it that way, too," said the groceryman. "I don't like the taste of milk, but the Postum in it makes it taste fine. And the milk is good for me, my mother said."

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Jones. "And you'd better make it two cans of Postum, please. We drink lots of it, it's so good. You can send the other things, but I'll take the Postum and milk with me. I want to make some as soon as I get home."

**MOTHERS!** You know how much your children like to have a hot drink like the grown-ups. Naturally, you don't want to give them coffee. But you can give your children all the Postum they want. Postum is a healthful drink, made of whole wheat and bran, and a little sweetening.

Healthy children love Postum made with milk. You know many of them do not get the milk they need, because they do not like its flavor. Make Instant Postum for them, with hot (not boiled) milk, instead of water. It has the wholesomeness of a warm drink, all the nourishment of milk and Postum, and the real goodness of Postum flavor. And it is so easily made—right in the cup. Postum costs much less per cup, too. Incidentally, as you know coffee is bad for the children, don't you think it might be well to stop it yourself!

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**FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!**

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.		C.L. 5-23
I would like to try Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, a week's supply of		
INSTANT POSTUM . . . . .	<input type="checkbox"/> Check	
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . .	<input type="checkbox"/> which you prefer	
Name _____		
Street _____		
City _____	State _____	
In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd. 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario		

## BETTER THAN A PARADE

(Continued from page 277)

over to stay with me on such a day will do that. So I am going to give it to you to take home to-day."

Jackie could only stammer, "O thank you, sir." He felt all choked up, and hoped Mr. Summers would not see the tears forming in his eyes, for they were only a part of his excitement.

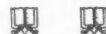
Luckily they heard music coming closer and Jackie ran joyfully to the window.

"The parade is coming right up our street," he shouted.

The old man got to his feet and shuffled toward the door. "Help me out onto the porch," he said, "and we shall salute the flag as it goes by."

No position in the parade could have given Jackie the feeling of pride that he had in standing at attention with this old soldier leaning on him while the ranks passed along.

When he went home later, the button was clasped tightly in his warm hand. He showed it to his mother first and told her the story of Lincoln's keepsake. "It was a lot better to stay with him than to march in the parade," he declared. "Gee, I was lucky!"



## HER CHOICE MATTIE LEE HAUSGEN

**I**F I COULD not be the girl I am  
With milk for tea, and bread and jam—  
A bed to sleep in, warm and dry,  
Not wet with dew, where crickets cry—  
If I had to be a flower, I think  
I'd love to be a rose—and pink!



## THE HANGING BELL

(Continued from page 293)

the clown. "In fact, I have a new one for you, and it's called *The Hanging Bell*. You see, I have a rope stretched between these two coconut trees. Now I'll make a loop and suspend the bell from this long strand of rope, and now we're about ready for the game." Toppo then divided all of the crowd into two teams. The teams sat on the sand, facing each other, about forty feet apart, with the suspended bell between the two. Toppo then produced four tin buckets and on each bucket he had painted a grotesque face.

"Now," he said, "we are ready for the game. You're captain of one team, Jerry, and I'll elect myself captain of the other. You pick out two of your players and put a bucket on the head of each. Miss Frazer will be the umpire. Her job is to move the bell along to some point on the rope and give it a ring. As soon as our players with the buckets on their heads hear the bell ring, they can start for it and the one who grabs the bell first wins a point for his team. We'll play for fifteen points, with new players, blindfolded by the buckets, starting out after each point is made."

It didn't take them long to get into the spirit of the game, and, as Jerry Deacon said, it was difficult to tell who were the children, because everyone entered into the fun with hilarious enthusiasm. Sometimes when the bucket-covered hunters for the *Hanging Bell* were having too hard a time of it, Miss Frazer would give the bell another shake, and then there would be a mad scramble in the direction of the sound.

"It was fun," said Elizabeth, as they rowed out to the Silver Bell. "I can't wait to teach it to the girl scouts at home."

"I don't see where you get so many new games," said Mary Emily.

"Well, I am kind of proud of this one," admitted Toppo, "for it's a game I invented for the children in a school for the blind. My!" he added, "you should see those little chaps play this game. They depend upon their ears so much that they go like a shot to where they hear the sound of the bell."

"Gee," said Fatty Wheeler, "I went like a shot where it wasn't most of the time."



## Without this tree many games and sports would be impossible

**L**OTS of fun and sport that boys and girls have today wouldn't be possible if it weren't for one tree—the rubber tree.

For without this tree there wouldn't be any bouncing rubber balls—and think how many games are played with rubber balls!

Rubber is made from a milky-white fluid that oozes out when the bark of the rubber tree is cut—or when the tree is "tapped," as they call it. They tap the rubber trees almost every day the year round.

The biggest orchard of rubber trees in the world is owned by the makers of Keds. It covers miles and miles of land. From it comes some of the finest rubber known.

This is the rubber your own Keds soles are made of. That's what makes them so tough and yet so light and springy. That's why they wear longer than other rubber soles—no matter how hard you play in them.

Ask Mother to be sure always to get you real Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. And the name Keds is put on every shoe. Look for it on the sole. Keds wear longer and are more comfortable.

There is a special Keds Hand-Book for boys, and another one for girls. They have all kinds of interesting things in them: rules for games, talks on camping and many other things. Either sent free. Address: Dept. K-9, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

## United States Rubber Company



An athletic-trim Keds model in the popular lace-toe style. Athletic-trims also come in lace-to-instep style with black, brown or gray trim.

An attractive Keds model for general wear all summer long.

# Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THEY ARE NOT KEDS UNLESS THE NAME KEDS IS ON THE SHOE



3223—Imported Swiss Organdie Pique; hemstitched crown, wired brim, picot edge. Pleated Organdie band \$2.00 and bows. White and Colors. 2 each

3839—Imported Organdie hat with shirred crown and emb. wired brim. Picot Organdie edge puffing and \$3.00 ribbon bows. White and Colors. 3 each

**Fairfame**  
Kiddie Caps

MAKE EVERY CHILD  
A PICTURE

Baby expressions—cute little poses—dimpled rosy cheeks and twinkling eyes. A Picture that delights a "Mother's fancy"—framed in a daintily styled Fairfame Kiddie Cap.



3837—Imported Organdie; shirred crown with wired brim, emb. \$3.00 beaded edging. 3 each



3841—Pongee bonnet; pleated trim with embroidered velvet \$3.00 ribbon. 3 each

If your favorite shop does not carry Fairfame Kiddie Caps, write us, sending their name and address and we will supply you through them.

Write for Booklet "C"  
on fascinating  
Fairfame Summer Styles

PRICED

\$3 • \$4 • \$5

AND UP

WHOLESALE ONLY

AT GOOD STORES

**S. H. & E. Freyberg**  
10 West 20<sup>th</sup> St. New York

IN YOUR CITY

BABY CAPS

KIDDIE CAPS

BOUDOIR CAPS

## GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

(Continued from page 890)

to do all the things that make children strong. Why, I believe that health is mostly happiness."

"It's also cleanliness," Miss Bradley said, "cleanliness within and without. To tell the truth I think that each one of you deserved to be a King or Queen this afternoon."

### League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league, and, upon application, giving his name, age and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

### A Good Citizen—Health

1. I kept my body clean.
2. I kept my thought clean.
3. I kept my teeth brushed.
4. I kept my nails clean.
5. I slept in the fresh air.
6. I played in clean places.
7. I played in the fresh air.
8. I washed my hands before each meal.
9. I slept at least nine hours.
10. I took a daytime nap.
11. I drank plenty of water.
12. I drank plenty of milk.
13. I ate slowly.
14. I ate at regular hours only.
15. I ate no sweets except at meals.
16. I ate only wholesome food.
17. I carried a handkerchief.
18. I kept my pencil away from my mouth.
19. I kept my clothing clean.
20. I didn't fuss about falls and bruises.
21. I did some work for the Junior Red Cross.
22. I helped make a child health poster.
23. I took part in a May Day program.
24. I kept my feet dry.
25. I taught all my friends a new outdoor game.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 250 points during twelve consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above. The best original activities are often printed and awarded extra points. Write your name, age and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your May list of good deeds in time to reach us by June 5th, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll.

### Honor Roll for February

The following members won twenty-five or more honor points during the month of February.

Akins, Paul	Harrison, Mary	Otte, Walter
Albertson, Fern	Haugen, Gretchen	Pacey, Glen
Albrecht, Ethelyn	Hershman, Frances	Peterson, Gerald
Auer, Maxine	Hoffman, Margaret	Peterson, Muriel
Austin, Annie L.	Holland, Ira	Pokorny, Mary
Baird, Martha	Holmes, Margaret	Pruett, Myrna
Ballantyne, Adolphus	Holtdorf, Arthur	Radika, Dolly
Barnes, Laura	Holtdorf, Ruth	Radika, Joie
Baugman, Bernice	Hoopas, James	Radika, Mike
Beath, Andrew	Hoopas, Jane	Radika, Samuel
Beebe, Babette	Iheinfeldt, Stanley	Radika, Tom
Beebe, Barbara	Immel, Helen	Rentfro, Beryl
Beebe, Dorothy	Jensen, Adele	Richardson, Marjorie
Beightler, Ralph	Jones, Laurence	Rockhill, Loren
Bergquist, Beatrice	Jones, Sara	Roeck, Ralph
Blackman, Rachel	Jordan, Anna	Roy, Edith
Blood, Ethel	Justice, Martin	Rubendall, Evelyn
Blood, Iva	Kiesling, Beatrice	Russell, Ruth
Boyles, Charles	Klemstein, Clayton	Schenning, John
Campbell, Jean	Koslowski, Bernice	Schold, Mary
Childress, George	Koslowski, Jamesie	Schold, Raymond
Cleaves, Bernard	Koslowski, Lois	Schuelke, Elaine
Coburn, Marshall	Koslowski, Raymond	Self, Leslie
Coder, Eileen	Lake, Corinne	Simpson, George
Cuter, Lucile	Lake, Melvin	Smith, Helen
Dean, Norman	Leach, Hugh	Smith, Laddie
Dolbear, Virginia	Lee, Grace	Southerland, Lois
Donaldson, Clarissa	Lee, Ramona	Spain, Dorothy
Downs, Jack	Lewis, Genevieve	Stewart, Ruth
Dunlap, Evelyn	Little, Vivian	Streng, Marie
Edwards, Betty	Longbrake, Dorothy	Stuckey, Altha
Edwards, Mary C.	McDougall, Fern	Sutcliffe, John
Elliot, James L.	McGrain, Tommy	Tarbutton, Hazel
Flison, Thomas	McMillan, James	Ter Maat, Grace
Faulkner, Kathryn	Mason, Norma	Trimmer, Helen
Finley, Harold	Mehring, A. Louise	Tschappat, Robert
Fladt, Norma L.	Member, Floyd	Turner, Robert
Flanagan, Marian	Michael, Margaret	Voorhees, Elizabeth
Galloway, Betty	Miller, Eva C.	Watson, Jean
Garfield, Adele	Mitchell, Sara	Weaver, William
Gaumer, Mary E.	Mohring, Krielda	Weeks, Loyd
Grant, Elisabeth	Morris, Fred	Whalen, Susan
Gray, Clara	Mosier, Elene	White, Pearl
Grimes, Harold	Nett, Gertrude	Wilson, Drennen
Haggerty, Beulah	Newell, Gwendolyn	Witmer, Gladys C.
Hall, Barbara	Olsgard, Viola	Wynhoff, Cora
Hanson, Laurence	Opphile, Dorothy	Zuderhack, Helen
Harmon, Cecil		

## WHO'S WHO IN CHILD LIFE

THE birds are all practicing their spring songs out in your back yard—which, by the way, is all ready to be the stage for your next CHILD LIFE play, isn't it? So both Music Land and Plays and Pageants this month are featured in your own magazine, which is packed with merry May treasure.

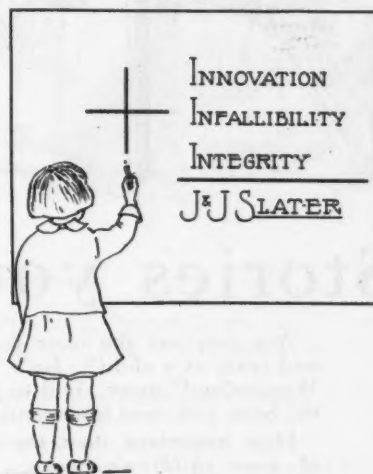
Then there are those Mothers' Day lullabies by John Martin and your Rose Waldo—of course, you will love them! And you, too, will feel that Jackie's Memorial Day keepsake was "Better Than a Parade." Then how you will enjoy the enchanting "Knights of the Ruby Windowpane," "Our Play," "The Cow Song" and "My Horse"—all poems by well-known poets. And you'll be sure to follow the further adventures of Froggie Jones and Tub McGee on "The Treasure Trail," refresh yourself with orange salad in the CHILD LIFE Kitchen, read eagerly about Barbara's rescue of Kit in "The Seven Keyholes," and about Andy's secret in the Toppo story.

Next month Dizzy Lizzie meets Pussy-willow Pish Tush and his rubber-headed regiment, and at his banquet, why, Aunt Emily—But that's a surprise, and so is the secret that Barbara finds waiting for her next month behind the seventh keyhole. In your June CHILD LIFE, too, you will be glad to find the jolly new adventures and games of Toppo's friends, "The Button Princess and the Swinging Tree" by Frances Margaret Fox (author of "Janey," "Ellen Jane" and many other books), "The Adventures of Junior and Betty" by Pauline Adams, and numerous other delightful stories that you'll love to read out-of-doors during vacation days!

We've saved one of our best secrets for the last. "The Further Adventures of Tom Tripp"—Molly Winston Pearson's popular little movie hero, will also begin next month in CHILD LIFE.

## LESSONS IN LEATHER

### THE THREE I's

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A NEW CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT IS LOCATED AT  
15 EAST 57th STREET

## J & J SLATER

415 Fifth Avenue

15 East 57th Street

NEW YORK CITY





## Stories you remember best

Are they not the ones you heard, and read, as a child? Isn't "Alice in Wonderland" more vivid to you than the book you read last month?

How important, then, the selection of *your children's books*. Now is their harvest time of memory. Be sure the impressions they glean are those which build imagination, good taste, and character.

RAND McNALLY Books for Children are *constructive*, as well as delightful entertainment. New or old, they are classics. They are arranged in series according to age, so *right selection* is easy.

### ILLUSTRATED BIBLE STORY BOOK FOR CHILDREN

*By Seymour Loveland*

The Old Testament stories retold. It's the book for your child, no matter what your faith or creed. With 12 full pages and 100 half and quarter pages in color by Milo Winter.

### EARLY CANDLELIGHT STORIES

*By Stella C. Shetter*

"Tell me a story about when you were little." And a real grandmother

tells stories of her life on a New England farm in the Sixties. Color plates and drawings in black and white by Dorothy Lake Gregory.

### THE THREE MUSKETEERS

*By Alexandre Dumas*

A new translation. With his loyal friends, the "Three Inseparables," d'Artagnan, ever dashing, gallant, and gay, by clever intrigue and skillful sword-play wins his way through the pages of the book. Illustrated in color by Milo Winter.

### JANEY

*By Frances Margaret Fox*

### JERRY AND JEAN DETECTORS

*By Clara Ingram Judson*

### SCRAP-BASKET SAM AND OTHER STORIES

*By Elizabeth Boyle*

Three delightful new titles comprising the "HAPPY HOUR SERIES," illustrated in color by Dorothy Lake Gregory. Clever stories which hide their lessons of thoughtfulness and unselfishness behind their exciting adventures.

*These Books are for sale by Booksellers Everywhere*

SEND FOR OUR LITTLE CATALOG, *Books for Children and Guide for Selection*. It describes fully more than 150 books for every age and temperament, and helps you choose.



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY  
Dept. S-33, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send me your catalog, *Books for Children and Guide for Selection*.

Name .....

Address .....



CLUB MOTTO:

*The only joy I keep is what I give away*

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white, unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

ROSE WALDO, Editor

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

### MY NIGHT SONG

I'LL not be afraid  
On the darkest night,  
For God is love  
And God is light!

MARTHA ANNABEL COVEY  
Age 4½ years Chicago.

### THE SQUIRRELS

ONE day I was in the woods.  
I saw a gray squirrel.

What do you think he was doing?  
He washed his face with his paws,  
then he pulled his bushy tail  
around and used it for a towel.

FRANCIS R. SCHMID  
Age 7 years Tarrytown, N. Y.

### THE EGGS

SEE! See! my little maid,  
The eggs my hen has laid,  
For you! For you!  
And Baby Sister, too.

GRACE GOODWIN  
Bayota, N. J.



MARTHA ANNABEL COVEY

### BEST OF ALL

THE flowers that bloom in summer,  
The flowers that bloom in fall,  
They are all very lovely,  
But CHILD LIFE is best of all.

MARY LOIS FOLEY  
Age 10½ years Trenton, Mich.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I THINK CHILD LIFE is the nicest magazine I ever read. The story I like best is "The Music Club." When I got my CHILD LIFE this morning and saw "In the Child Life Kitchen," I read it first of all. This afternoon I baked two apples and they came out fine, and I hope to have good luck with everything I make. Once in a while I make some fudge, and it almost always comes out good.

RUTH MITCHELL  
Age 8 years New Haven, Conn.



## Your Kiddies' Socks

Can't Be Too Fine!

To be sure they are as good as fancy-top socks can be, get Randolph Cuties. *Moderately priced*, for all their better appearance and longer wear.

Randolph Cuties come in Sox for Tots and three-quarter length Sports Hose for older boys and girls. Designs and colors are exclusive and bewitchingly pretty.

If your dealer hasn't Cuties, send us his name. If you enclose \$1 we will send you sample assortment, our selection. Be sure to state size and whether you want Sox for Tots or Cuties Sports,  $\frac{3}{4}$  length hose. This offer for a limited time only.

*Randolph Cuties are the only genuine Cuties. Look for the trade mark on every pair.*

**RANDOLPH MILLS**  
Dept. E-5, Randolph & Columbia Ave.,  
Philadelphia

E. M. Townsend & Co. New York City  
Selling Agents



Write for "The Three Sockdolagers," an illustrated booklet for the Kiddies. Free, if you send your dealer's name.

**RANDOLPH CUTIES**  
TRADE MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. & CANADA  
**SOX FOR TOTS**

Dear Miss Waldo:

I LIKE CHILD LIFE very much.

I have gone to school since last fall and now I can read some of the



stories in CHILD LIFE. I would like to join the Joy Givers' Club.

We live on a farm and have lots of Jersey cows. I am sending a picture of me, and one of our cows. The cow's name is Bess.

MARJORIE E. DICKERSON  
Age 7 years. Peninsula, Ohio.

## BARRY

IT WAS a misty morning in

May when Bert and his father were going from their home by the sea to fish. When they got there Bert's father began to fish and, of course, paid no attention to the boy, and wandered around to the other end of the dock. Bert was looking at the birds and chasing butterflies when he came to the end of the dock. He did not look where he was going and fell off.

Over on another strip of land near the dock was a big Newfoundland dog lying in the sun, but just the minute he saw Bert fall off he leaped into the water, swam with all his might and main to where he saw Bert fall, seized Bert's clothes and struggled to get him to shore. But after all he got him to shore, too tired to pull himself all the way in.

Then he barked as hard as he could for help. His barking called the attention of the boy's father, who ran to the spot where his boy lay. The father picked Bert up and took him home and gave the dog a good breakfast.

He put an advertisement in the paper but nobody claimed him, so Bert's father kept him and named him Barry. Bert always had a great love for Barry because he had saved his life.

ANGELA W. LUTHER  
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Dear CHILD LIFE Readers and Miss Waldo:

I FELT awfully out of sorts this morning. Just after the mail came, my mother came into my room and said, "I feel so sorry for you. I hate to disappoint you," and other things like that. Then she gave me a new CHILD LIFE. I saw then that she was just fooling me. I took the magazine and just about yelled, I was so happy.

My little sister and I think CHILD LIFE is the nicest magazine we ever saw. This is the beginning of the second year we have had it. My aunt gives it to us.

A little while ago I won a two dollar prize for my story about "What I like Best in CHILD LIFE and Why." I said I liked "Fun-land" best, but I think next to that comes the Joy Givers' Club. I always like to read all the letters, stories and poems.

Your loving little friend,  
MARGARET DAY  
Clinton Falls, Minn.  
Age 11 years



KATHERINE RABER

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I AM sending my picture and do hope you will put it in CHILD LIFE so I can see it in my next issue.

Please send me a Joy Givers' Club membership card.

Yours truly,  
KATHERINE RABER  
Chicago, Ill.



# "Sandy Andy" Toys and Games

THESE fascinating outdoor playthings have an irresistible appeal to all children. They are a never-ending source of pleasure and provide amusement by the hour. You can find them in any good toy shop.



This is the  
**SANDY  
INCLINE**

An interesting sand toy which operates automatically to the delight of the youngsters. Toy is 13½ in. high; made entirely of metal and attractively colored. If unobtainable in your toy store, we will send the complete toy, postpaid, for \$1.00. (West of Denver, Colo., and outside the United States, \$1.25 postpaid.)



This is the  
**LITTLE  
HOUSE-  
KEEPERS'  
LAUNDRY SET**

This set contains metal wash tub, wash board, clothes reel and a bag of clothes pins; all well made and nicely finished articles. If you cannot obtain it in your toy store, we will send the entire set, postpaid, for \$1.00. (West of Denver, Colo., and outside the United States, \$1.25 postpaid.)



This is the  
**SANDY  
ANDY  
SAND CRANE**

Another automatic sand toy different in action, but equally fascinating. 13¼ in. high; made entirely of metal and attractively colored. If unobtainable in your toy store, we will send the complete toy, postpaid, for \$1.25. (West of Denver, Colo., and outside the United States, \$1.60 postpaid.)

These are only a few of many equally attractive "SANDY ANDY" TOYS and GAMES. They are all sold in good toy stores and may be identified by the name, "SANDY ANDY" on each box. We will be glad to send you an illustrated circular showing the entire assortment.

**WOLVERINE SUPPLY  
& MFG. CO.**

1202 WESTERN AVENUE, N. S.  
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM sending you a picture of Dorothy June and me. She is my sister and pal. When she was only two years old I would take her out in my wagon, and we had races with the other children. She is now three years old and we have lots of fun looking at CHILD LIFE together.

Sincerely yours,

HUDSON HARTMAN

Age 9 years Kansas City, Mo.



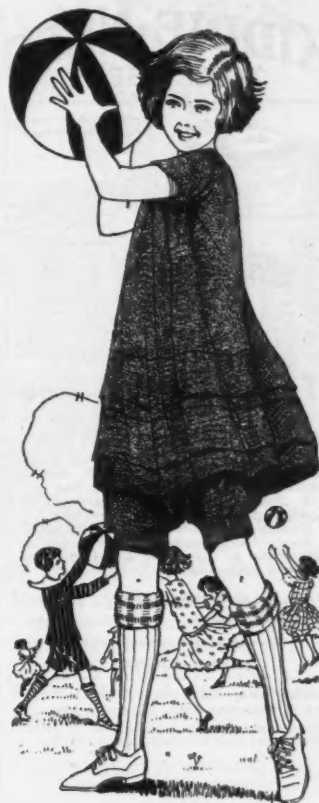
HUDSON AND DOROTHY HARTMANN

Dear Rose Waldo:

I'D LIKE very much to become a member of your Joy Givers' Club. I enjoy reading and trying to practice the many good things in CHILD LIFE and intend to keep on reading it for all time. My mother likes the clear printing. I am going to the movies Wednesday to see "Peter Pan" and I know I shall like it jolly well as I read all about it in your magazine. I am nine years old and like school and my teacher, as we have a very nice school and teacher. You must have lots of lovely boys and girls in your club who write to you. I love their stories. Hoping to receive my membership card soon and wishing everyone lots of joy, I remain

Yours truly,

ANNA E. DUFFY  
Fox Chase, Pa.



## JOY BALL Days Are Here!

LISTEN to the merry shouts as that great, big, beautiful ball of many colors is tossed to and fro, now bouncing gaily from the ground, now sailing fairy-like through the air with a flash and dazzle of rainbow beauty in the brilliant sunlight.

No other toy has the wonderful attraction of the "JOY-BALL". No other toy can give such abundance of healthful happiness for so small a sum of money.

It's sturdy rubberized (waterproof) fabric case and thick rubber football-style bladder withstand the hardest use.

Send for your "JOY-BALL" now and be ready to take full advantage of the golden summer hours outdoors.

Mailed postpaid to any address carefully packed in attractive box with directions for playing many splendid games for \$1.25.

Use the order form printed below.

**VICTOR NOVELTY MFG. CO.**  
ASHLAND, OHIO

THE VICTOR NOVELTY MFG. CO.  
Dept. C. L., Ashland, Ohio

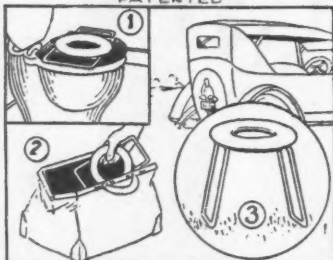
Please send me postpaid, one JOY-BALL for  
which I enclose \$1.25.....  
cash money order

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

WARNING! There is only one JOY-BALL. Look for the name on the box when buying from dealers.

## KIDDIE-NEED TOILET SEAT



### Take It With You

1. Seat when folded flat can be used on any receptacle or toilet seat in the home.
2. For train or boat traveling. Compact and light enough to be carried in ordinary shopping bag.
3. Seat placed upon the ground in upright position for auto traveling.

Strong and finished in white enamel. Away from home baby's troubles disappear at the sight and feeling of its own toilet seat.

DeRAND COMPANY, Inc.  
Fullerton Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

If your dealer cannot supply

SEND COUPON

DeRAND COMPANY, Inc.  
Dept. B, Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send postage prepaid, one KIDDIE-NEED Toilet Seat for which I enclose \$1.50.

Name.....

Address.....



## TEACH YOUR CHILD At Home

by famous Calvert School methods  
from Kindergarten to High School

One father writes: "I was simply overwhelmed by what a child could do when taught by Calvert School correspondence. I said it was impossible, only a prodigy could do such work as Calvert School showed was being done by its pupils. Then finally I realized what a waste my boy's schooling had been for the three years previous."

V. M. HILLIER—Headmaster. Author of "Child Training," "A Child's History of the World," etc.

Write for information to

CALVERT SCHOOL, 11 Chase St., Baltimore, Md.



Steel Thread or  
Rubber Tires



Ko Ko Mo Stamped Metal Co., Kokomo, Indiana

Dear Miss Waldo:

I ENCLOSE a picture of some Chevy Chase school children. Your little friend,

JANE FOOTE

Age 9 years Washington, D. C.



### IN THE WOODS

ONE day May and Grace went for a picnic in the woods. They started about ten o'clock in the morning. They ate lunch at one o'clock. Grace found a lovely trickling brook and they played there all afternoon. Soon it began to get dark. Grace noticed this and said, "Oh, May, look how dark it is getting. We must go home!"

They started out but found that they had lost their way. They hunted and hunted for the path but they could not find it. Soon they came to an old deserted house. May said, "Let's go in!"

"All right," answered Grace. So they went in. All at once something bit Grace's leg. "For goodness sake!" gasped Grace, "W-w-what do you call that?" Then May started screaming! "Ouch! Oh! Oh! Goodness! Let's get out of here."

Just about that time their fathers came up with a lot of other men who were searching for the girls.

"Daddy," exclaimed Grace, "there is a ghost in that house." Her father laughed and said, "Well, let's go in and see who that ghost is." They went in, and their fathers held their lanterns high. There in a secluded spot was Grace's long lost collie with six little pups. "Oh! how glad I am!" exclaimed Grace.

LUCY SCHACHT

Alderwood Manor, Wash.

Age 11 years



## IN MAYTIME

A small boy said—  
"This is the time for  
knights and giants."  
So his father read  
aloud to him every  
night from

### THE ISLAND of the MIGHTY

By PADRAIC COLUM \$2.25

He went adventuring with King Arthur and the young heroes of England long ago,

\*\*\*

A small girl said—  
"This is the time for  
ships and travels."  
So her mother gave her

### THE NEW MOON

By CORNELIA MEIGS \$2.00

The story of an Irish pioneer boy, his brave journey across the Atlantic to the Missouri, his friendship with sheep and dogs and Indians.

\*\*\*

These children were ten and eleven years old. They chose the books from the Macmillan catalog "Books for Boys and Girls," and bought them at their own bookshop.

### The Macmillan Company

New York Chicago Boston  
Atlanta Dallas San Francisco

## FREE Jingle Book

Send your name and address today for the FREE Jingle Book. NOT a catalog. Handsomely illustrated in colors, containing nursery rhymes featuring Dapple Gray.



## Dapple Gray

Dapple Gray, with his lifelike aluminum head and bright colors, is beloved by children. Can be used the year 'round, indoors and out. Strongly made, baked enamel. Large rubber tired wheels. Is different from any other.

JUNIOR WHEEL GOODS COMPANY  
Los Angeles, Cal. and Kokomo, Ind.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I THINK CHILD LIFE Magazine is a very nice magazine. I love to read it. I like to work out the puzzles. I am also very interested in the Joy Givers' Club letters. I would like to join the Joy Givers' Club. I am interested in birds. My daddy and mother are, too. We have six bird houses in our back yard, besides lots of birds' nests. One of our bird houses is a large Martin house with room for twenty-four families. It is almost filled in the summer time. We have fun watching the Martins drive away the sparrows. Last summer we had lots of wrens and we had some of them named. I think they are such cheerful birds. They certainly are little Joy Givers.

I hope that you think my letter is interesting enough to print in CHILD LIFE magazine.

Your new friend,

MARGARET RUE STANSFIELD  
Age 9 years Mt. Carmel, Ill.



BETTY LOU SHARPE AND  
JOYCE AND PHYLLIS

Dear Miss Waldo:

I HAVE taken CHILD LIFE for a year. I can hardly wait until the postman brings it.

This is a picture of my two sisters—Joyce and Phyllis—and myself. We are on my car. It is very hilly here in Willimantic, but we have a big cement cellar and I ride it down there. I have a little baby brother, but he is too little to be in the picture.

Yours sincerely,

BETTY LOU SHARPE  
Age 8 years Willimantic, Conn.

## THE LINCOLN CABIN



### A real play house that a child can build

Large enough for a child to stand in—ideal for little parties, "playing house" and all the things that appeal to the child's imagination.

Easily taken down and moved from place to place—built from notched light timbers—no nails to drive.

Keeps children in their own yard—a wonderful gift, a wonderful center for all the child's play activities.

Price delivered, \$50. Payment terms gladly arranged. Send for full information.

JOHN LLOYD WRIGHT, Inc.  
Room 156-232 East Erie Street  
Chicago  
Makers of the Famous Lincoln Logs



Ask Mother  
to take you to  
**Northern  
WISCONSIN**

The sunshine and balsam air of the Land-O-Lakes will give you a coat of tan and a glow of health that will outlast many months.

Beaver, woodchucks, squirrels, chipmunk, rabbits and friendly porcupines will tell you of Nature's secrets.

Ask father to arrange for a North Woods home this summer and visit you over week-ends. There's a lake shore cottage for you with the pine woods your back yard.

Tell him to write to us for full particulars about resorts, summer homes and excellent camps for boys and girls.

Fast overnight luxurious trains

Bargain vacation fares

C. A. CAIRNS, Pass. Traf. Mgr. C. & N. W. Ry.  
226 West Jackson Street, Chicago, Ill.





**BOYS! GIRLS! Have Fun With Toy Balloon Games**  
Indoors and Outdoors



Outfit consists of box containing eight fancy decorated rubber balloons, with patented self-closing valves, and booklet instructions for 12 games. Postpaid for 50c, or send \$1.00 for double package and we will include FREE a cute Skwee-Me Squawker Doll.

**T. M. GREGORY RUBBER CO.**  
66 S. Cherry St. Akron, Ohio Skwee-Me

**Attractive Peasant Dresses**



Little girls from 3 to 10 years will delight in these fascinating frocks of Japanese crepe, jersey, voile and crepe de chine. Various colors and dainty cross-stitch designs add to their charm. Reasonably priced at \$8.00 to \$20.00.

For additional information write to  
**MRS. ALEX. VONNEGUT, 3715 NORTH MERIDIAN STREET, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA**

**For the House Party**  
Hang up all the decorations without injuring walls with



**Moore Push-Pins**  
Glass Heads—Steel Points

**Moore Push-less Hangers**  
"The Hanger with the Twist!"  
Let the children help decorate  
10c pkts. Everywhere

**MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.**

**Teach Children To Use Cuticura**



Soothes and Heals  
Rashes and Irritations  
Cuticura Soap Keeps the Skin Clear

**Improved Perfection Dish Dryer**



Heat from hot water poured over dishes in rack dries and sterilizes them. Dish towels unnecessary. Lasts for years. Saves time and labor. Large size \$2.75. Medium size \$2.50, postage paid. Canadian 50c extra. See dealers or ask for folder.

**THE PERFECTION DISH DRYER CO.**  
Dept. "E" Indianapolis, Ind.

### KEY TO THE CHILD LIFE QUILT

(See page 308)

1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20

This diagram shows the arrangement of the blocks in the Child Life quilt.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I HOPE I'll never have to be without you.

HELEN JOHNSTON  
Age 6 years Chicago.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I WOULD like very much to join the Joy Givers' Club. I like CHILD LIFE. I buy it every month. I passed to the sixth grade. I am sending a pic-



ture of myself. I like the motto, "The only joy I keep is what I give away."

Yours truly,  
MARGARET FOSHER  
Age 12 years Red Level, Ala.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I LIKE CHILD LIFE very much. Every time I get it I look at Toppo first. I am sending you a story I made up.

### DIZZY LIZZIE AND THE PRINCESS

ONCE upon a time there was a Princess. This Princess was very sad and never had laughed. The King offered a reward to anybody who could make her laugh.

One day a little girl, whose name was Barbara, came to the palace to see if she could make the Princess laugh. She had a CHILD LIFE with her. She opened it to the story of Dizzy Lizzie and told the Princess to read it. While the Princess read it she laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks. Barbara got the reward, and so did the Princess, for she got the CHILD LIFE every month.

JEAN WALTON  
Age 10 years George School, Pa.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I JUST love your magazine so much that I don't know how to thank you for publishing it. You wrote me in your lovely letter that I should write and tell you which departments I liked best in CHILD LIFE. These are my pick; for first choice I like best the long stories in the front of the book, second best I like "Joy Givers' Club" and third best I like "Who's Who in the Zoo."

Santa Claus was so good to me and brought me over twenty-nine presents, with my birthday and Christmas, together. He brought me a beautiful typewriter, which I am using. I can write real fast and with two hands, so maybe if I learn shorthand I may become my father's stenographer in the House Office Building, as he is a congressman.

Wishing you a very happy year,  
CAROL VOIGT  
Washington, D. C.



ELIZABETH ANN TWINING  
Age 5 years Mobridge, S. D.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM glad that Dizzy Lizzie is back. "The Seven Keyholes" is the most interesting story there ever was. I love "The Toy Town Tattler." I would like to have a membership card to belong to the Joy Givers' Club.

Yours truly,  
KATHERINE BROWN  
Age 9 years East View, N. Y.

